

American Cinematographer

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Film Psychology & "The Ten Commandments"

By Bert Glennon, A. S. C.

"The Sea Hawk's" Cinematography

By J. L. Johnston

Pictorial Art Soaring

By Edwin Schallert

Manhattan Mutterings

By Philip H. Whitman, A. S. C.

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TITLE	PHOTOGRAPHED BY
The Spitfire	Walter Arthur and Jack Brown
Tiger Love	Charles G. Clarke
True as Steel	John Mescall
A Self Made Failure	Ray June and B. McGill
The Guilty One	Faxon Dean, member A. S. C.
Down by the Rio Grande	Roland Price
Dark Stairways	William Thornley
For Sale	Fred Stanley
Unguarded Women	Henry Cronjager, member A. S. C.
Daring Love	Oliver Marsh and J. Diamond
Revelation	John Arnold, member A. S. C.
The Perfect Flapper	James C. Van Trees, member A. S. C.
Behind the Curtain	Jackson J. Rose, member A. S. C.
Traffic in Hearts	Lucien Andriot
The Sixth Commandment	Philip Armand and Wm. Tuers
Changing Husbands	Bert Glennon, member A. S. C.
Swords and the Woman	J. Rosenthal, Jr
The Valley of Hate	Ernest Miller
What Shall I Do	Joseph Walker
Romance Ranch	Bert Baldrige
The Arab	John F. Seitz, member A. S. C.
Love of Women	Edward Paul
The Heart Buster	Dan Clark, member A. S. C.
Missing Daughters	Ray June
The Code of the Wilderness	Not Credited
Young Ideas	Jackson J. Rose, member A. S. C.
The Lone Chance	Bert Baldrige
The Enemy Sex	Karl Brown, member A. S. C.
Recoil	Rene Guissart, member A. S. C.
Montmarte	Not Credited
Captain January	Not Credited
Wanderer of the Wasteland	Arthur Ball
The Sawdust Trail	Virgil Miller
Wine of Youth	John Mescall
The Lure of the Yukon	George Madden
Yankee Speed	Elbert McManigal
Fools in the Dark	Blaker Wagner and Leon Eycke
Bread	Not Credited
Babbitt	David Abel, member A. S. C.
The Other Kind of Love	Roland Price
Rarin' To Go	Not Credited
Along Came Ruth	John Arnold, member A. S. C.

American Cinematographer

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Pictorial Art Soaring

By Edwin Schallert

Drama Editor of Los Angeles
Newspaper Pays Great
Tribute to the Camera

The article re-printed herewith appeared originally in the Sunday motion picture section of the Los Angeles Times of which Mr. Schallert is drama and music editor. Mr. Schallert's analysis of the present-day state of cinematography is to be regarded as that of an authority, as in his meritorious association with the Times and as a feature writer for national magazines he has long been recognized as one of the most accurate students of the trends and the

tendencies of the cinema.

It is interesting to note that John F. Seitz, whose cinematography in Rex Ingram's productions is pointed out by Mr. Schallert is a member of the American Society of Cinematographers, having been first vice-president of the Society during the past year. Likewise, the pictorial triumphs of Douglas Fairbanks' "The Thief of Bagdad," mentioned by Mr. Schallert, may be said to represent an A. S. C. triumph inasmuch as the

cinematography therein is the result of the efforts of Arthur Edeson, A. S. C., staff cinematographer for Fairbanks productions, in association with Philip H. Whitman and Kenneth MacLean, both A.S.C. members who worked with Edeson on the vehicle. The cinematographic phases of Cecil De Mille's "The Ten Commandments," cited by Mr. Schallert, were the work of Bert Glennon, A. S. C., who created a pictorial masterpiece in the De Mille production.

More and more am I convinced of the fact that this is to be a time of great pictorial discoveries in the films. "The Thief of Bagdad" represents extraordinary evidence of this, and though the fantastic type of productions that may follow will probably be very few in number, it is conceivable that they will add much to the imaginative power of photography.

The camera is in some respects the heart of the screen art. Too little space is generally given to it in the consideration of what goes to make pictures. Meanwhile, its development has proceeded at such a remarkable rate, that almost anything may come within its vision now. I believe too, that it is due for an even more startling advancement within the next few years, and that this advance will go far to solve the conglomerated riddle which films as an art so often present.

One thing certain the literary influence in pictures is rapidly subsiding. It will subside even more if pic-

tures like the "Thief of Bagdad" are a success. This, however, is problematical now, because it remains to be seen how popular such unique entertainment will turn out to be.

However, there are other signs and wonders that have testified to the powers of the photographic mechanism. Cecil De Mille showed what it could do in the glimpses of the opening and the closing of the Red Sea in "The Ten Commandments." It is significant, I feel, that Roy J. Pomeroy, who actually was responsible for this mechanical side of this illusion, has been mentioned as the co-director of "Peter Pan," for it shows the new trend.

Rex Ingram in a different way has already made the camera relate a wonderfully beautiful message, or at least he has utilized the powers which lay within its scope by providing the opportunity for his cinematographer, John F. Seitz, to secure the most attractive and artistic picture imaginable.

There are few films on the screen of course, that can stand the test which might be applied to some of Ingram's. *In his case I believe that you could stop the reel at almost any point and have a complete and beautiful pictorial impression very like a painting.*

Ingram's productions, however, as a whole, are inclined to be too static. He sees things too much from the viewpoint of the plastic artist, the sculptor or the painter. What one misses is the full and complete revelation of dramatic motion.

The development cannot successfully be one-sided. It has been heretofore. *Pictorial art has been submerged under too many less important considerations.*

The present tendency, in the opposite direction, will doubtless also go to some extremes. But just now, I believe, there is plenty of reason for concentration of interest on the growth of motion photography.

A composite motion picture of American industry was shown during the London convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.

This part of the convention program was the contribution of the Screen Advertisers Association which is the screen department of the Associated Clubs.

Various Contributions

Various practical picture producers, members of the Screen Association, contributed scenes to the picture, compiling it with a view to making the complete picture a "birdseye view" of American industries.

Similar Picture

The British Screen Association in turn had a similar picture to exhibit visualizing English industries. The British Association was organized only several months ago so that the English film fraternity could do the hos-

pitable things toward their American brethren.

Rothacker Unable to Attend

Pressure of business prevented the attendance of the Screen Association president, Douglas D. Rothacker who heads the commercial film division of the Rothacker Film Manufacturing Company. The American screen delegation was led by the Association Vice-President, Maurice Caplan, president of the Metropolitan Motion Picture Company of Detroit.

Speakers

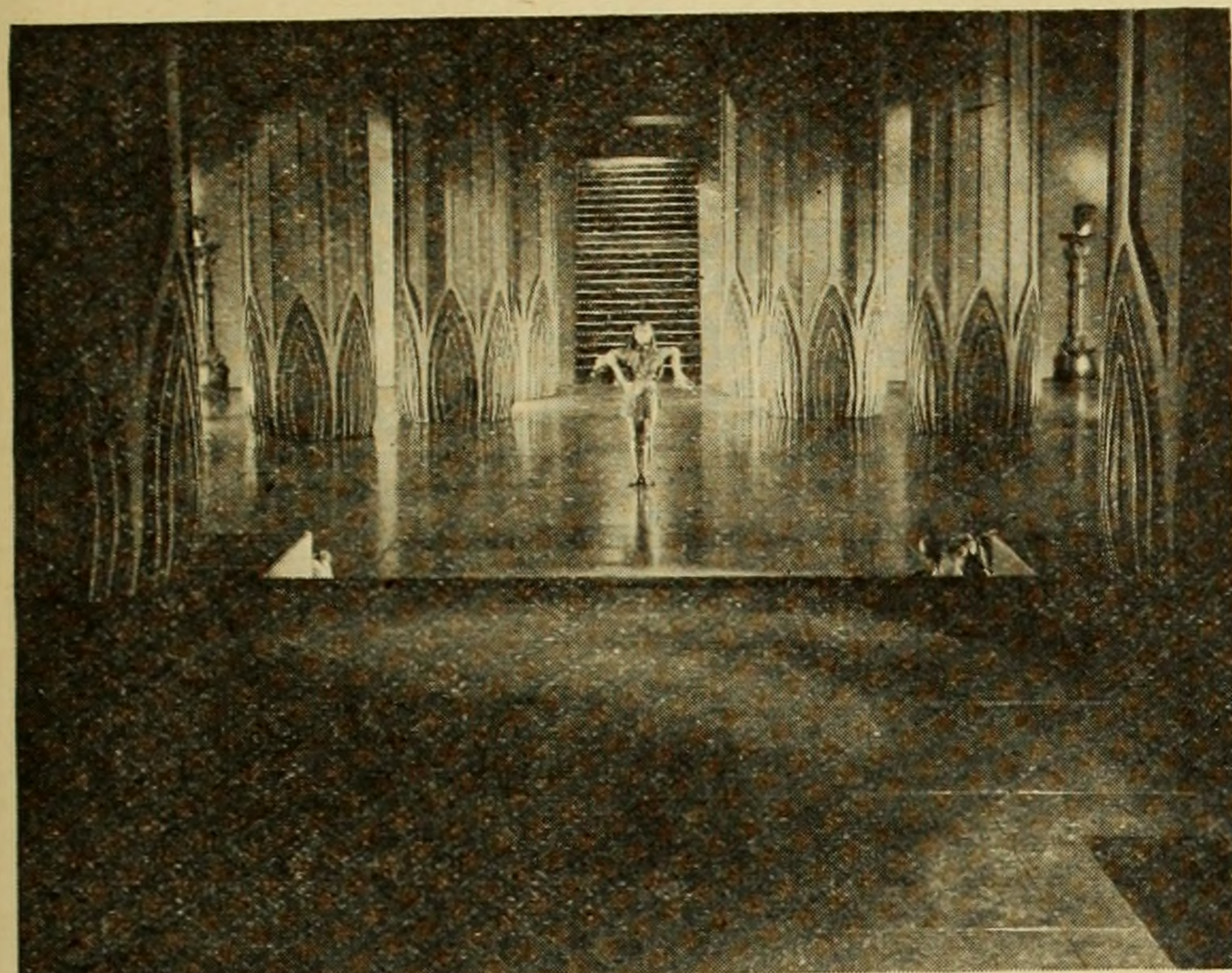
Among the speakers on the Screen Association's program was: Bennett Chapple, Publicity director American Rolling Mills Company; A. V. Cauger, United Film Advertising Service of Kansas City; Charles Hatfield of the St. Louis Convention Bureau.

Film Psychology & "The 10 Commandments"

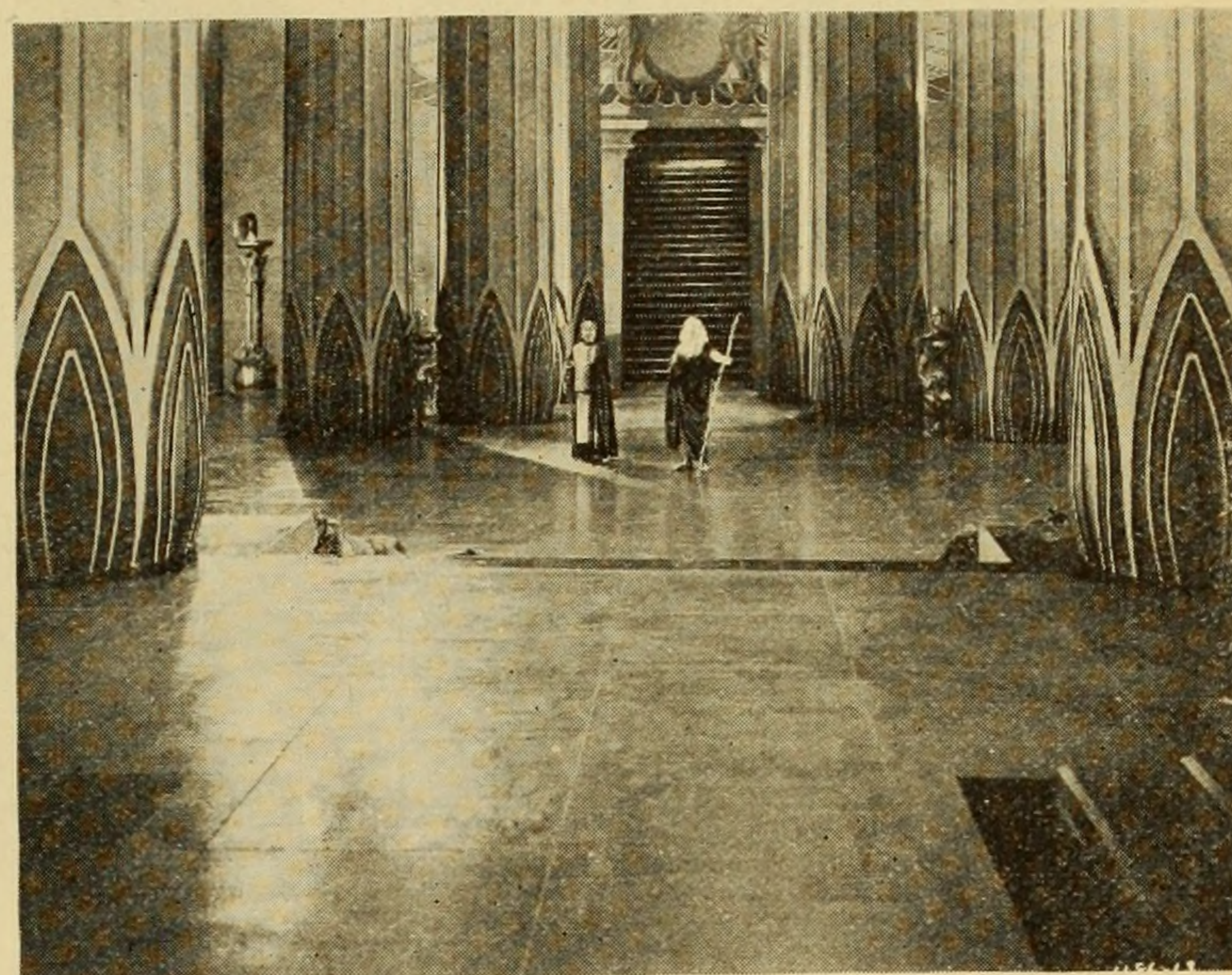
Cinematographic Idea Must Be Caught *by Eye of Camera* or Meaning of Action Lost.

By Bert Glennon, A. S. C.

A. S. C. Man Gives Cinematographers' Angle on De Mille's Master Creation.



An example of lightings designed to convey the idea of depression and awe. This is the interior of the temple, at right, in "The Ten Commandments."



An illustration of the day shot in the same temple. Note how the effect has been carried through by virtue of the medium of lighting.

First of all let us analyze—"What is an idea?"; and—"How do we go about photographing it?" An idea, we may say, is a thought or a manifestation of mind, and the camera is one of the means of its expression.

So we find it necessary to manifest our thoughts for the camera. Let us follow the course of an idea and see where it ends—rather see where we think it ends, for I don't believe an idea has an end—we just forget it or use it as a foundation for new ideas.

The Idea

Take, for instance, the recent production of Cecil De Mille—"The Ten Commandments." Some one was paid a great amount of money for suggesting that episode of our first history as material for a motion picture production. There was the idea—so we will follow through and just touch here and there for illustration.

Reaching The Camera

First, let us realize that thought is the most powerful energy, both known and unknown, and still the "simplest of the simplest." The more its strength is felt, the more truthful is its manifestation. Take head, therefore, Mr. Director. Always stand in back of your camera and if the thought of your story as manifested by your set and actors reaches you, you can be sure it reaches the camera.

Lighting's Help

The first illustration is that of the opening episode of "The Ten Commandments." The idea there was—slavery—torture—broken spirit—depression and tyranny. Did that thought reach the camera? And was it not enhanced by atmospheric photographic lighting? There is at this moment another picture being shown in which I know the same thought was to be manifested. Did that thought "get over" as we choose to term it?

In other words did we, who looked at it, have at any time the feeling of great sympathy for those miserable creatures? No! We were looking at a picture—a spectacle—we did not realize the intimacy that should have been felt. We did not feel a great gratitude that we did not have to endure this torture. And why? Because the *idea* or *thought* did not quite reach the camera. Each and every one of those men did not make themselves believe they were slaves and hopeless. They were earning a daily check and wishing for something to delay production so as to obtain more of those daily checks. The photography confessed the attitude of "get an exposure on the film," whereas shadows well placed would have enhanced the idea of depression. This picture, how-

ever, is an interesting one and should be seen, and I criticised only that one point to bring home the fact that an idea was not photographed.

Story and Model Studied

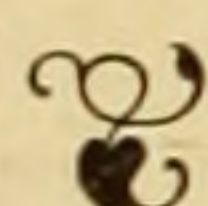
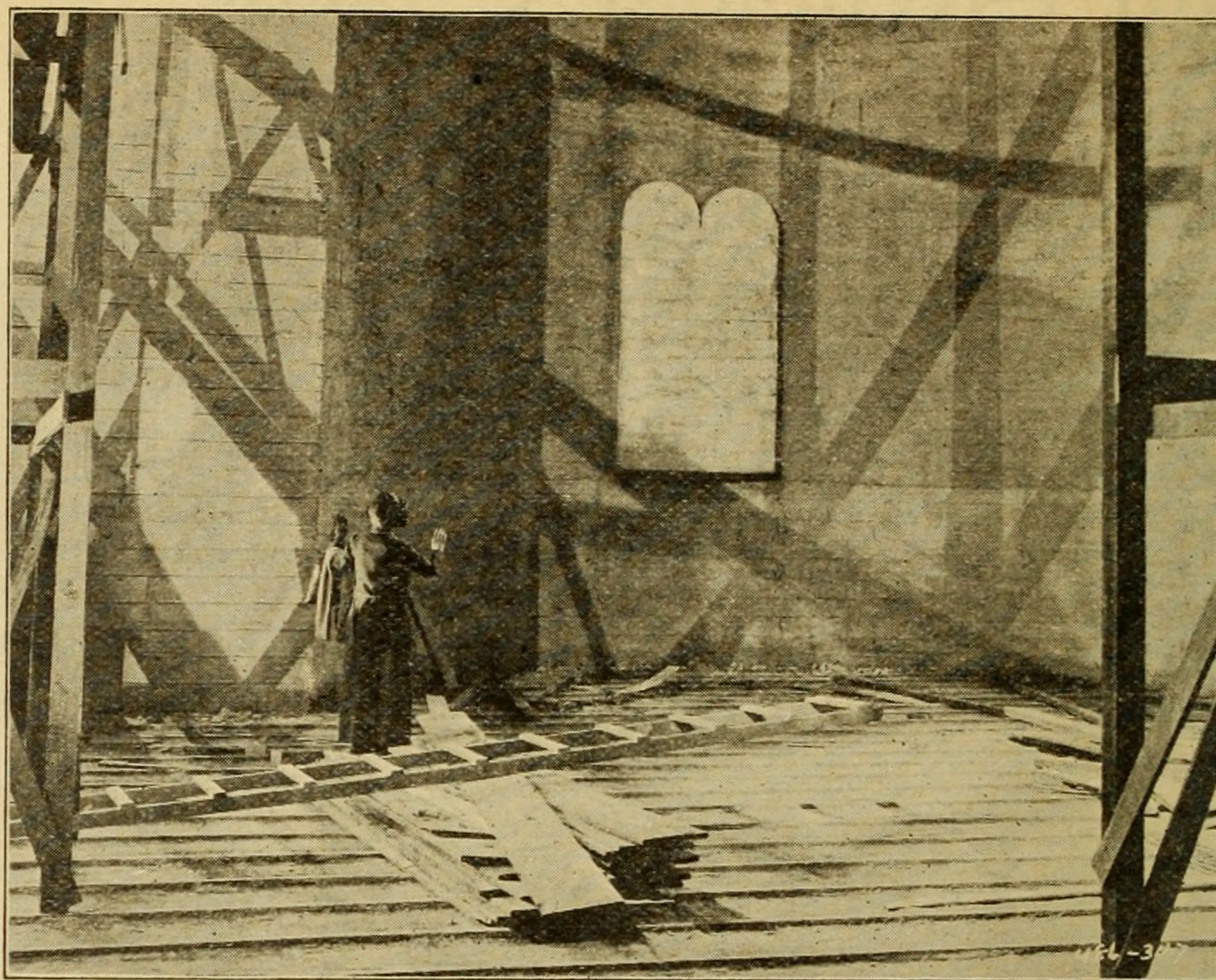
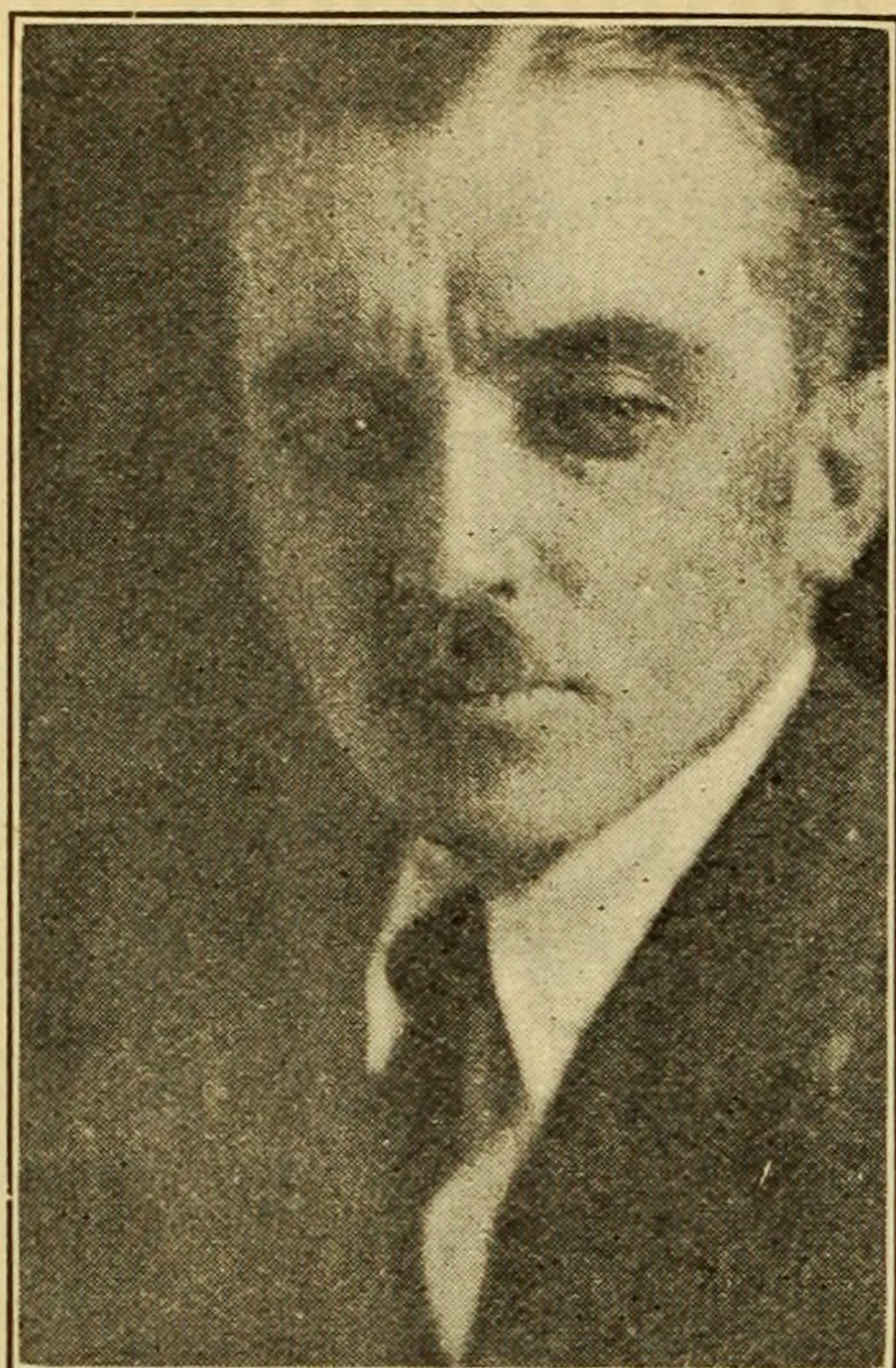
Again to refer to Mr. De Mille's picture we will recall the episode in the throne room of Rameses II. The set was immense and the story called for three distinct light changes—one of day, one of night, and one of early morning. The first thing I did was to get acquainted thoroughly with the story leading up to and away from these three episodes. Having done that, I studied the model of the set that the art director had submitted for Mr. De Mille's approval.

Avoiding the "Stagey"

The first episode was the first time the audience saw the set upon the screen. So my thoughts were busy as to how I could impress them with the idea of *tyranny—wealth—artistocracy and strength*, making them also feel that they were in the presence of a king. Most important, I had to eliminate the "feeling" of a motion picture set.

Awing the Audience

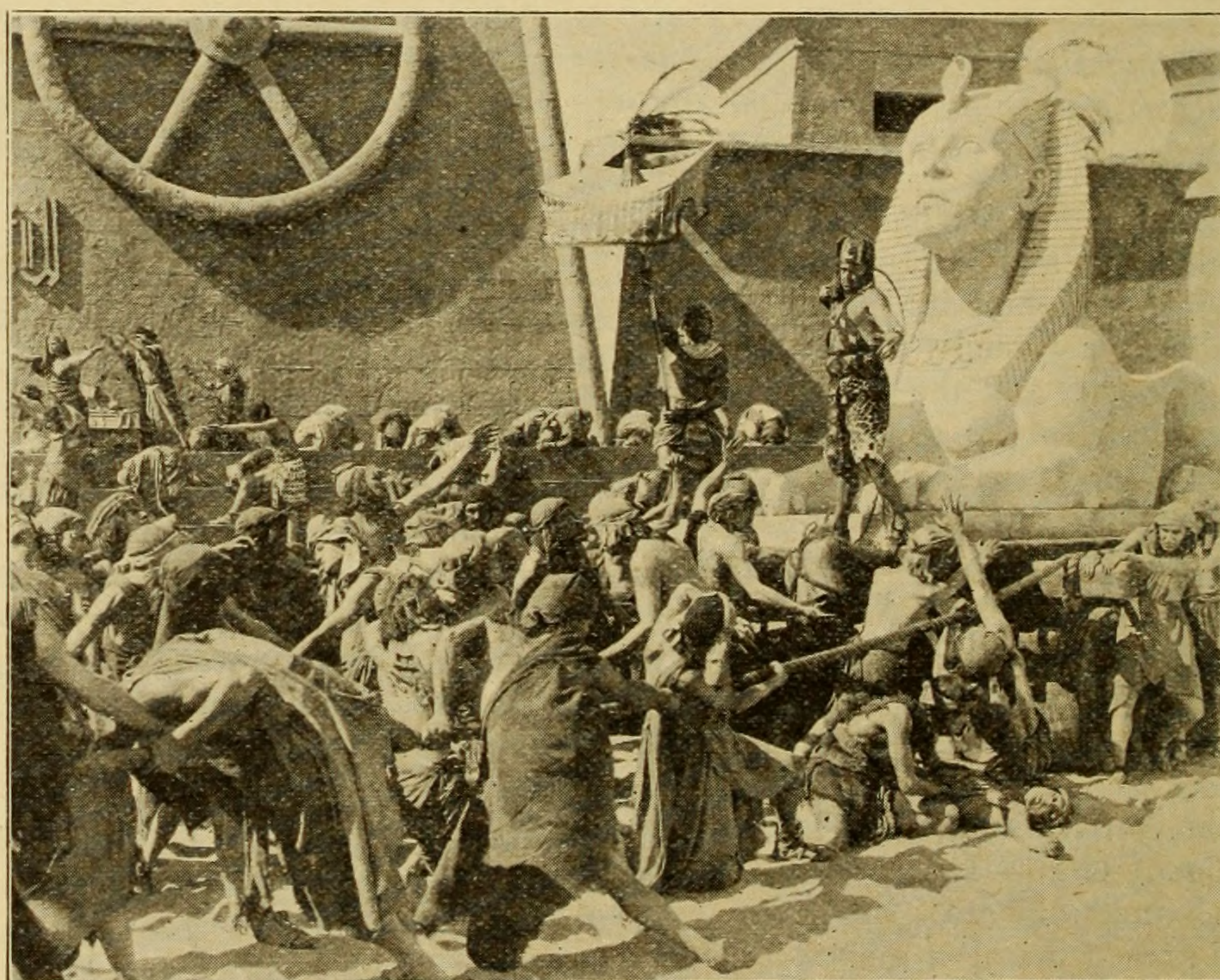
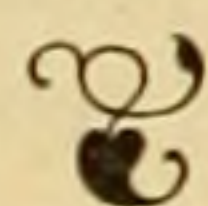
The next episode was that of the death of Pharaoh's son as prophesized by Moses. It was night, and the feeling of awe and grief and death had



Top, left: Bert Glennon, A. S. C.

Top, right: Shadows cast by means of skillful lighting. This is the interior of the church during the course of construction in "The Ten Commandments."

Bottom, right: Getting over the idea of "oppression."



to be immediately brought to the lap of the audience. Those were interesting and happy days for the cinematographer. I was at last painting with arc lights.

The next change was that to the early morning. Pharaoh had grieved before the altar of his gods, and, in a spirit of revenge, denounces them and calls for his army. The tempo increased and every person had to feel the excitement reigning within this palace. This time the set must be pictured in all its strength and

power. There must be immense bright spots of light that blend into soft shadows. Mr. De Mille allotted three days for all this work, so lights were placed so that by turning off a specified number I had one effect, etc. thereby saving time so as not to lose the spontaneity of direction and acting.

Psychological Undertaking

It appears, therefore, that the photographing of an idea is very much of a psychological undertaking. The cinematographer, as well as the dir-

ector, must be imbued with the feeling of the particular action in question if the desired effect is to be worked on the audience.

The cinematographer can no more classify his lighting effects and say that "I shall use such-and-such an arrangement of lights to portray oppression, or joy etc.", no more than the player can hit upon some series of facial expressions which may be invariably whipped into play to express respectively, "joy," "sorrow," "grief," etc.

(Continued on page 21)

Cinematographers and the Feature

Exhibitors Herald Story
Indicates Photography's
Part in Film Progress

¶ The following article, written by the editor of the American Cinematographer, appeared in the annual studio number of the Exhibitors Herald.

The cameraman does more than merely turn the crank. "Bromidic"—the impatient one will say—"we all know that."

But do we? Do those who work in the film business every day fully realize the responsibility that is the cinematographer's? Or does the subconscious conception of the cameraman as a cross between a crank-turner and some sort of mechanic still persist, spasmodic acknowledgment of his accomplishments notwithstanding.

We speak with complacency of the cinema's being one of the world's greatest industries and of its being the newest of the arts.

Who, basically, has been responsible for this remarkable progress? "The cameraman," some one timidly suggests, and he is gazed upon in blank amazement. The cameraman, yes, the cameraman—regarded as matter of fact as the sun, or rain when there is no danger of drought. But if the sun wouldn't shine, when the rain holds aloof—that's a different story.

With the crude stage of the preliminary inventions placed in the cinematographer's hands hardly a score of years ago, perhaps not enough time has passed for the cinematographic profession to be established in general appreciation—the law was old at the time of the Year Books; painting has struggled through centuries.

Nevertheless, the close and not erratic student will declare, that the present age of the "super feature" would be impossible if the cameraman—and the cameraman alone—had not made the many achievements that he has made in the past several years. Where would such productions as "The Thief of Bagdad," "The Lost World," and a host of others be, if they were robbed of those phases in them that have come into being strictly through the accomplishments of the cinematographer. But those accomplishments, however, have become as matter of fact as the cameraman himself. They are no longer hoped for, but expected.

What would have happened if the cinematographers as a class had been non-progressive, if they were content to draw their weekly stipend and settle down into the rut of "just a job?" How would the present day productions fare on a diet of 1908 photography? Or would the stage of present production have been arrived at all—with a non-flexible, non-progressive "art" having circumscribed any advance long ago. It is realized perfectly that high powered organization and brilliant talent have proved the life-blood of the moving picture industry. But would necessary capital or powerful names have been attracted to the cinema if the industry at best could have depended on an imperfect medium—namely undependable photography? No intelligent consideration can deny the fundamental importance of the truly spectacular improvement of photography.

What has been behind this improvement? Laurels as an inventor for the cinematographer, either in finances or in renown? Noble prizes? No, none of them. It was all

in a day's work. The representative cinematographer, interested always in his calling seeks the chance to make a new cinematographic creation and does it. It reaches the screen and his fellow artists, looking at the production, not for entertainment but with a student's interest, observe the new creation and work to embody it when the occasion demands in the forthcoming productions of their employers. What happens for the cinematographer who has discovered the new creation? Is he hailed far and wide for his brilliance? No, if the event is noted at all, it probably is to give credit to his employer for it.

And so creation after creation has come and enhanced the value of motion pictures—enhanced the value for every one identified with them. Accomplishment after accomplishment, taken in the aggregate, have made possible an art in such a short period of time that students of the history of arts are astounded.

But is the cinematographer's participation therein on the lips of all those who view motion pictures? Hardly when in some quarters he is not regarded as of sufficient importance to allow his name to remain on the credit titles or to mention him even in the program. His art may be paid for—if such pay may be reckoned in dollars and cents—but it isn't appreciated. At any rate, his present remuneration, attractive though it may sound in rarer instances, is not proportionate with that accorded him in the early days when pictures were really in "their infancy." But he may take some solace in the fact that Milton is said to have wrote "Paradise Lost" for fifty dollars.

Perhaps the day is coming when the cinematographer will be regarded as something other than "just a cameraman, just another film worker." At any rate, the day seems nearer than it was five years ago, but the appreciation of the cinematographer is still far from keeping pace with the progress with which he continues to imbue the cinema from year to year.

Production Starts on Novelty Picture

Chester Franklin has begun production on "The Silent Accuser," a novelty picture written for the screen by Mr. Franklin and Frank O'Connor. It is being produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer under the supervision of Harry Rapf.

The large cast is headed by Eleanor Boardman, Raymond McKee and Earl Metcalfe.

One feature of the story is the introduction to the screen of Peter the Great, famous German police dog brought to this country recently. Its owners have been training the beautiful dog for picture work for more than two years.

The dog plays an important part in the story, and helps materially in untangling the complicated plot. "The Silent Accuser" is a mystery melodrama.

Manhattan Mutterings - By PHILIP H. WHITMAN, A. S. C.

That Convention

¶ All things must come to an end and so it was with the Democratic convention just finished here. With the return home of the poorer and wiser delegates, things are again normal and we are able to settle down to a little steady picture making.

Speaking of the convention, at the session which the writer attended, they had just begun to ballot for a presidential nominee when somebody up in the galleries yelled, "Hurrah For McAdoo!" His hat was promptly knocked over his eyes.

As everyone is supposed to cheer for somebody, I thought to play safe and shouted, "Hurrah for the A. S. C." They put me out of Madison Square Garden thinking I was trying to organize a new secret hooded order in opposition to the K K K.

Off for the Coast

¶ Joe Morgan, A. S. C., and George Barnes, A. S. C., having finished Marion Davies' latest Cosmopolitan production, "Janice Meredith" are leaving soon for California where Miss Davies' next vehicle is to be filmed. Morgan and Barnes are to be congratulated upon their photography in "Janice Meredith," following the favorable reviews given the picture here at its premiere.

Hats Off, Boys

¶ Hats off, boys, to Miss Louella Parsons, motion picture critic on the New York American. Here is one critic who realizes the importance of the cinematographer and believes in giving credit when due. Never a review of Miss Parsons'

but what she touches on the photographic quality of the production, often mentioning the cinematographer by name. As Miss Parsons is recognized as an authority, this means much.

Pushing Production

¶ Activity at the Long Island studios of Famous Players-Lasky is becoming pronounced with the starting this month of several producing units.

Frank Tuttle has been assigned the direction of "Dangerous Money," starring Bebe Daniels and will have Henry Cronjager, A. S. C., behind the camera.

"Manhattan," the next vehicle for Richard Dix is to be directed by R. H. Burnside with Hal Rosson responsible for the photography.

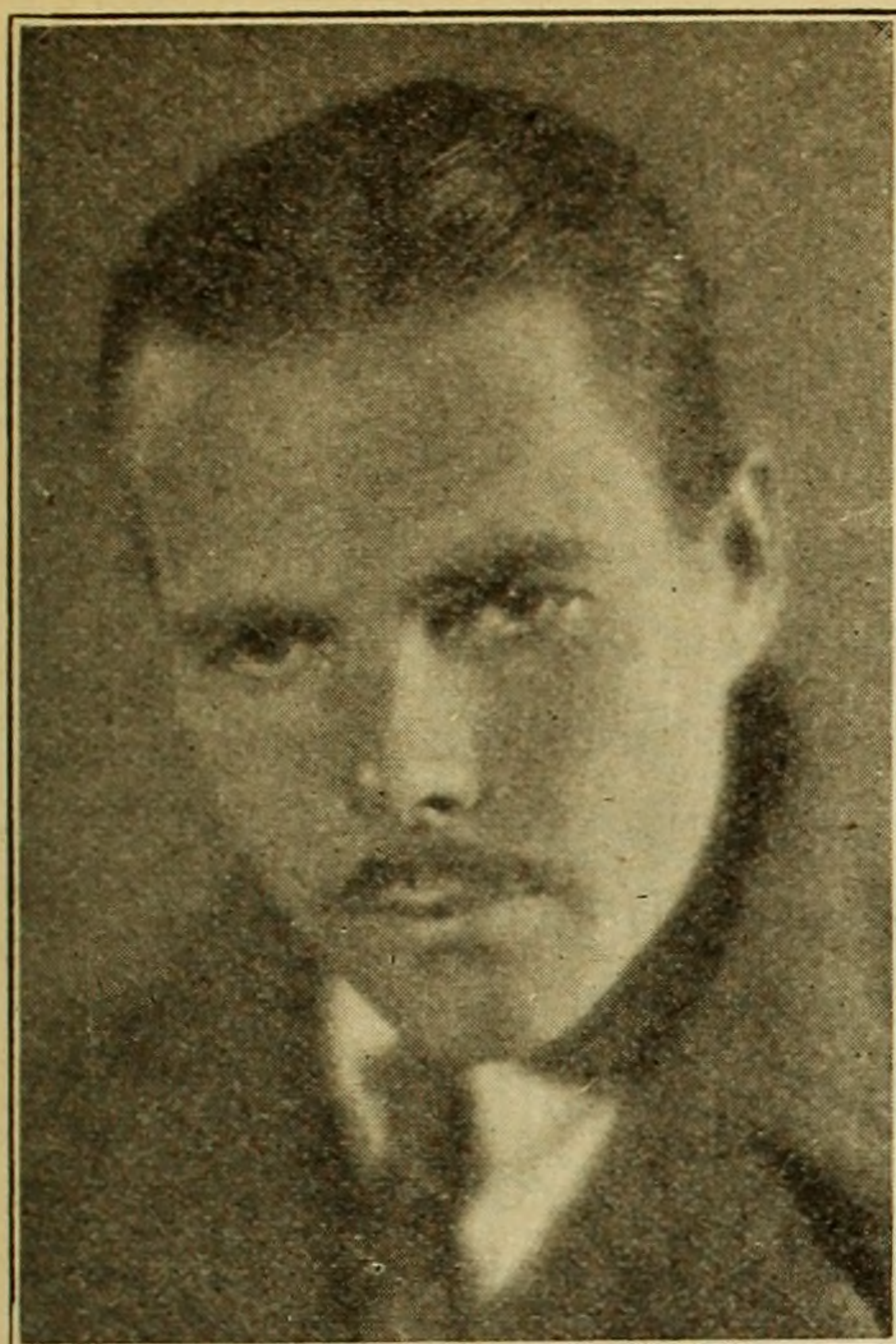
Allan Dwan is soon to start work on Gloria Swanson's new picture, "Wages Of Virtue" and will again have George Webber at the camera.

Alan Crosland is at present busily engaged on his "Sinners In Heaven," while Joe Henaberry is finishing up Valentino's last picture for Famous Players. It is understood that hereafter he is to make his own productions in the independent field.

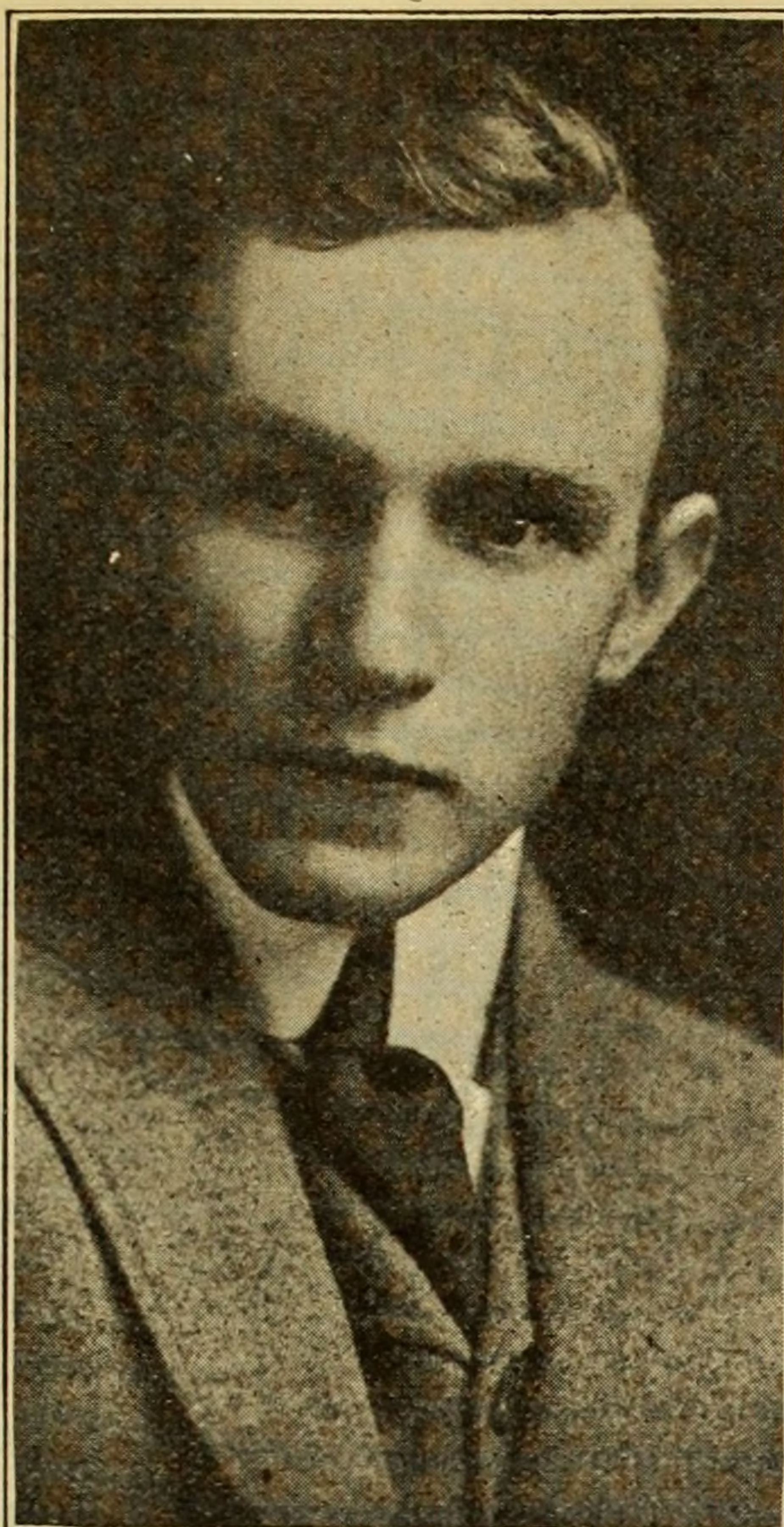
Another A. S. C. Triumph

¶ The work of John Seitz, A. S. C., in Rex Ingram's latest, "The Arab," is being lauded here following the opening of that production at the Capitol Theatre. This is the picture which carried the Ingram organization to Tunis and Northwestern Africa for locations. John expects to again cross the pond in the near future as Mr. Ingram has several productions under consideration which call for foreign locales.

(Continued on page 23)



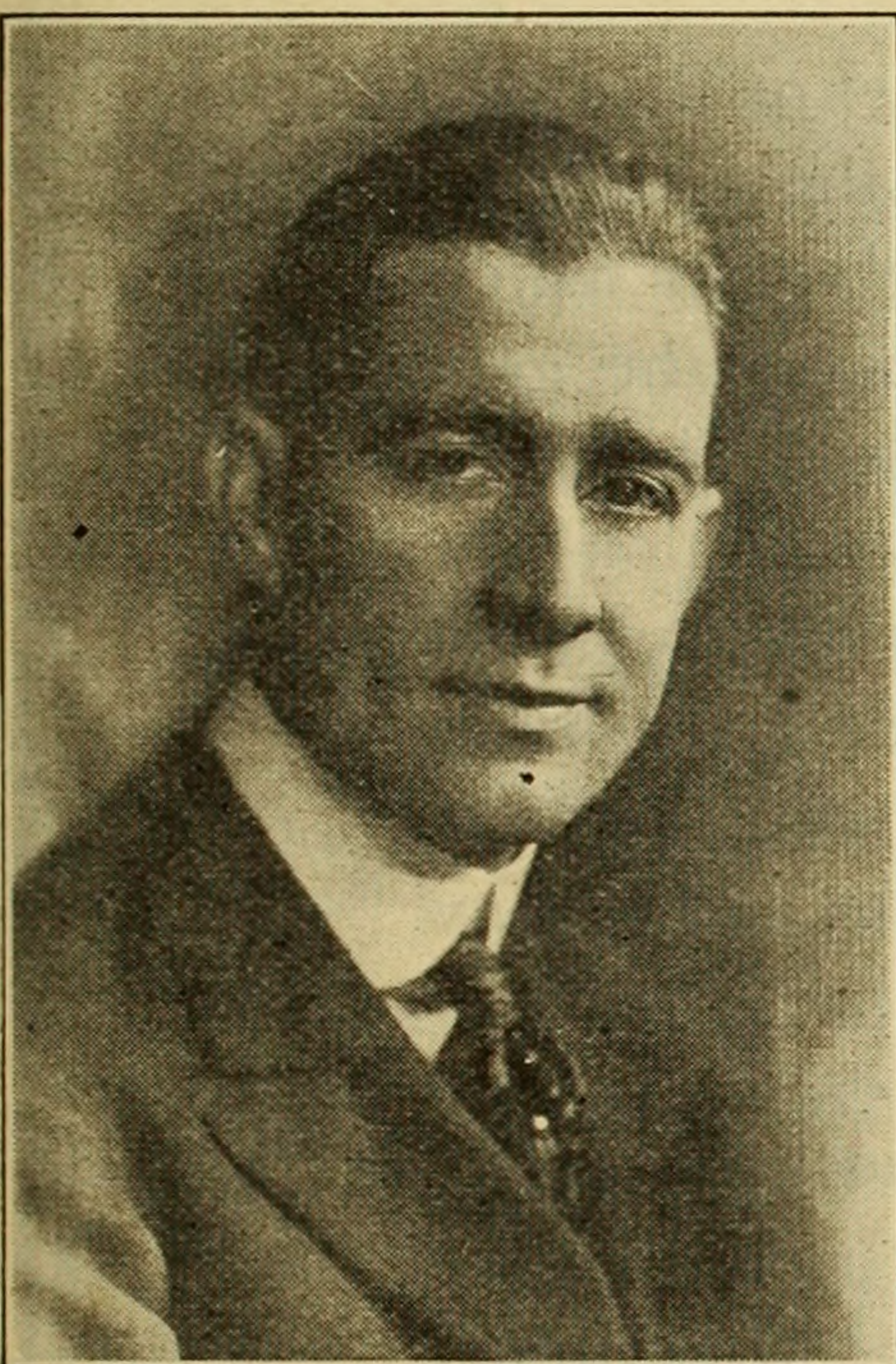
GEORGE BARNES, A. S. C.



JOHN F. SEITZ, A. S. C.



IRA H. MORGAN, A. S. C.



E. BURTON STEENE, A. S. C.

New York Strong Lure to A.S.C. Members

New York City is holding strong attractions for A. S. C. members these days, or, more specifically, for the production companies with which they are affiliated.

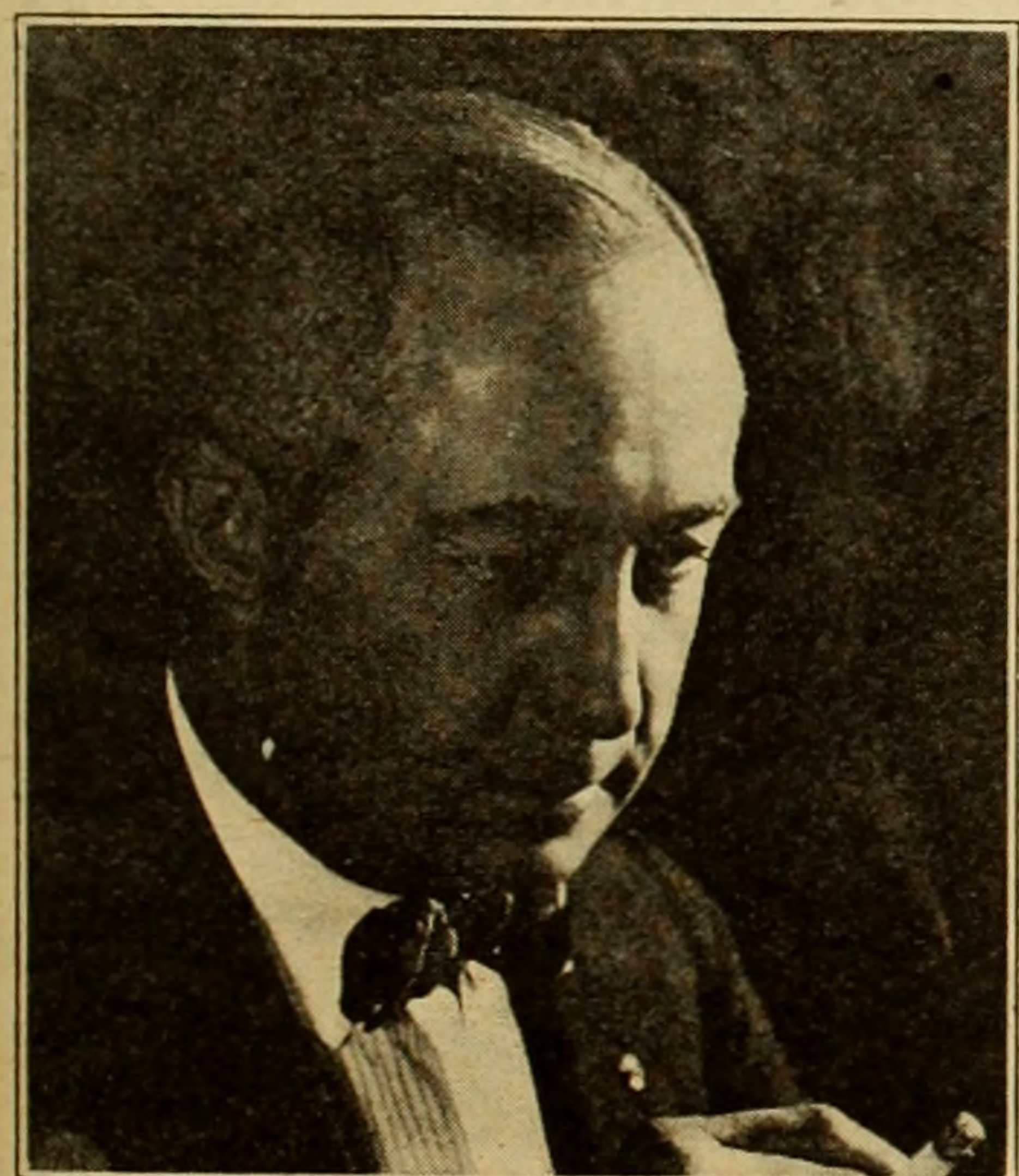
Word comes that Philip H. Whitman, A. S. C., who went to Manhattan on the completion of Douglas Fairbanks' "The Thief of Bagdad" on which he and Kenneth MacLean, A. S. C., were associated on special work with Arthur Edeson, A. S. C., has left Cosmopolitan, which outfit he joined on going to New York, and has become affiliated with Famous-Players-Lasky at the Paramount Long Island Studios.

Whitman is organizing a complete miniature and trick camera department of which he will be in complete charge. It will be the purpose of Whitman's department to effect big photographic creations through the medium of some of the Western tricks of the trade which heretofore the Eastern companies have been un-

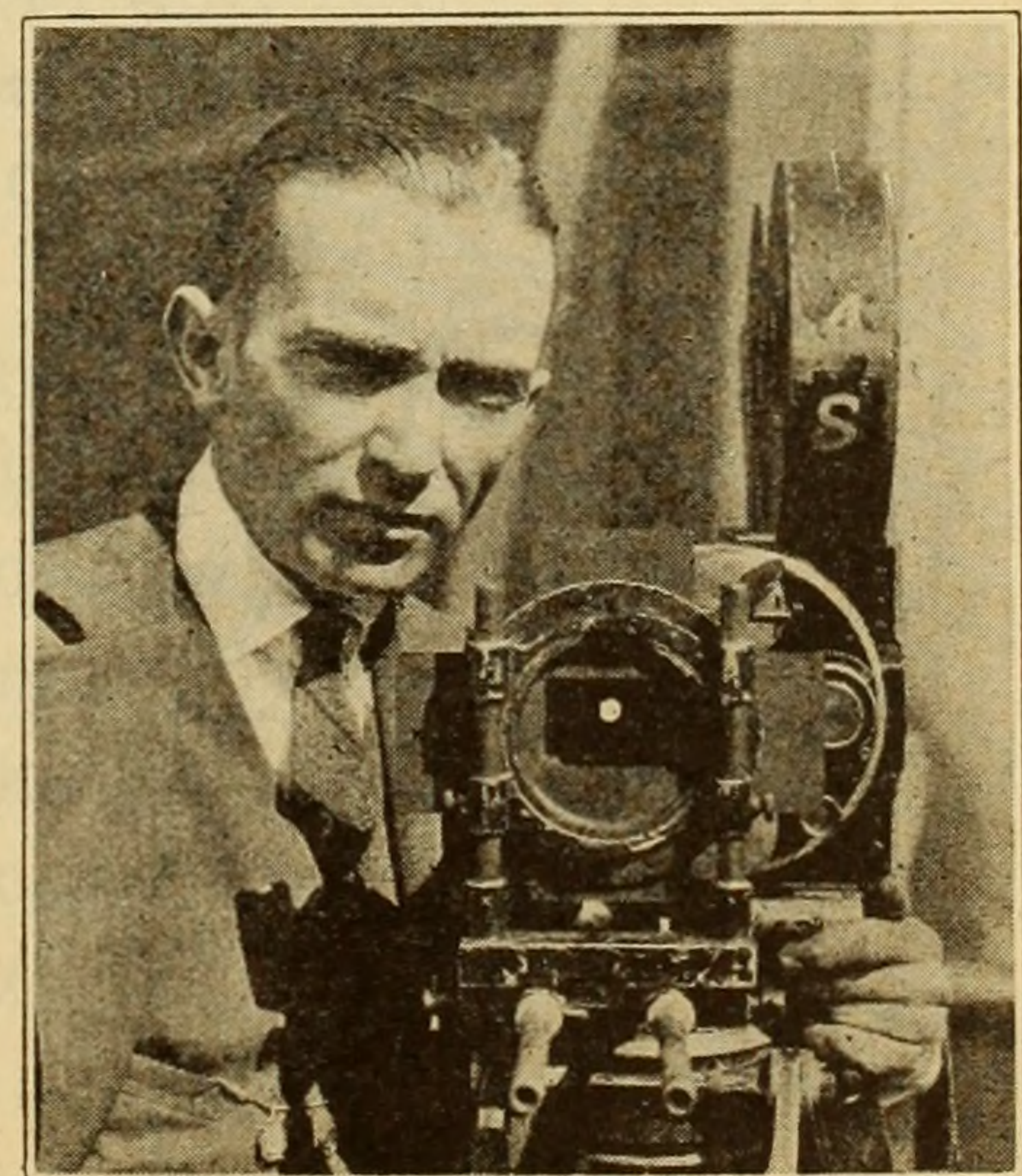
(Continued on page 21)



GUY WILKY, A. S. C.



FRANK B. GOOD, A. S. C.



BERT GLENNON, A. S. C.

The Editors' Lens

- - - *focused by* FOSTER GOSS

¶ Occasionally there comes a production to which cinematography is so obviously vital that even the most casual observer cannot help but recognize it as a "photographic picture." When we say "photographic production" we do not wish to be ambiguous but simply are aiming to stress the outstanding importance of cinematography in some productions. Of course the careful appraiser of motion pictures has always recognized the essential importance of photography even in the face of those who, from self-interest, would minimize—but the fates be thanked for the "photographic productions." They serve others besides their own masters.

¶ Pictures like "The Ten Commandments," "The Thief of Bagdad" and "The Sea Hawk" are undying testimonials to the art of the cinematographer. They indicate, in a vivid way, abilities which the layman seldom, if ever, appreciates. They bring the gala days for the cinematographer—provided of course he is given credit in conjunction with the "photographic production" in question. Perhaps he is given a mention in the reviews; if he is not singled out personally, then at least there are a few lines devoted to his cinematography—something which even the most slip-shod reviewer could not safely ignore as long as he had any conscience at all.

¶ These big "photographic productions" do more than earn money for their producers and exhibitors, fame for their stars and directors, and a bit of praise for the cinematographers who filmed them. They indirectly stimulate the appreciation for superior cinematography generally. They serve to bring home the fact that there is something to being a cinematographer besides turning the old proverbial crank.

¶ Thoroughly grounded motion picture and drama editors have never been blind to the unvarying worth of cinematography. They have always been cognizant of the back-stage endeavors and trials of the cinematographer that from time to time are crystalized in some production of overpowering photography. And they are not timid about singling those endeavors out for becoming mention—as is exemplified by the article which, written by Edwin

Schallert in the Los Angeles Times of which he is drama and music editor, is re-printed elsewhere in this issue. It is worthy of note that A. S. C. members are responsible for the cinematography in all of the productions cited by Mr. Schallert.

¶ A welcome sight to searching eyes is the prominent credit line, "Photographer, John F. Seitz," which is appearing in a four-page "The Arab" advertisement of the Metro-Goldwyn organization in the trade journals. The combination of Rex Ingram, director, and John F. Seitz, cinematographer, has turned out numerous directorial and pictorial classics, and it is a matter of gratification to see that Metro-Goldwyn does not hesitate to herald the genius that is certainly Mr. Seitz's.

¶ First National is to be commended for its practice of including the name of the cinematographer in numerous of its advertisements. It is to be hoped that the exhibitors who show Metro-Goldwyn and First National productions will follow the lead of the producers and include similar credit lines in their local advertisements—and, also, not cut the credit titles out of the films.

¶ The motion picture business can be no more prosperous than the exhibitor is prosperous. The attendance at his houses reaches back along the line of production and affects every one involved in picture making.

¶ Therefore, it is to the interest of all those in pictures that the exhibitors' theatres are well attended. Things which go to hamper attendance hamper production. It is to the interest of all that the film industry's relations with the public, as represented through the exhibitor, be such as to be conducive of confidence—which means good attendance.

¶ Is confidence with the public kept, then, if the exhibitor refuses to remove from his admission price the amount of the repealed government tax? Of course, it is but a small amount and the individual paying for the tickets will scarcely miss it. But miss it or not it is not too trivial for him to talk about—and help form opinion; and, it must be remembered much opinion is shaped by trivial things.

"The Sea Hawk's" Cinematography

With Frank Lloyd's "The Sea Hawk" enjoying unprecedented success in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles, it is only fitting to pay tribute to the splendid photography of Norbert F. Brodin, A. S. C.

Mr. Brodin, cinematically speaking, has made rapid strides in photographic achievement during the past two years—his interior scenes of "Black Oxen" his exteriors of "Brass" "Pleasure Mad," and his work on "Dulcy" being of unusual artistry, but in filming "The Sea Hawk," Mr. Lloyd's camera chief has given the screen one of the finest negatives it has known. The most severe critics of New York and Los Angeles in reviewing "The Sea Hawk," have given credence to the statement and Mr. Brodin has received nearly as much praise for his work on "The Sea Hawk" as any of the featured players and several noted writers have said that Mr. Brodin shares honors with Mr. Lloyd, an unusual tribute to a cinematographer.

Never Failed

Making the photography of "The Sea Hawk" the great achievement it unquestionably is, was quite a man sized job but, according to Mr. Lloyd, despite his many unusual demands upon the cinematographer, never once did Mr. Brodin and his assistants, Dewey Wrigley and Edward Henderson, fail to give even more than was expected, and numerous of the effects which go to make "The Sea Hawk" as pictorially brilliant, as it was literally colorful, are the outcome of Mr. Brodin's photographic expertness.

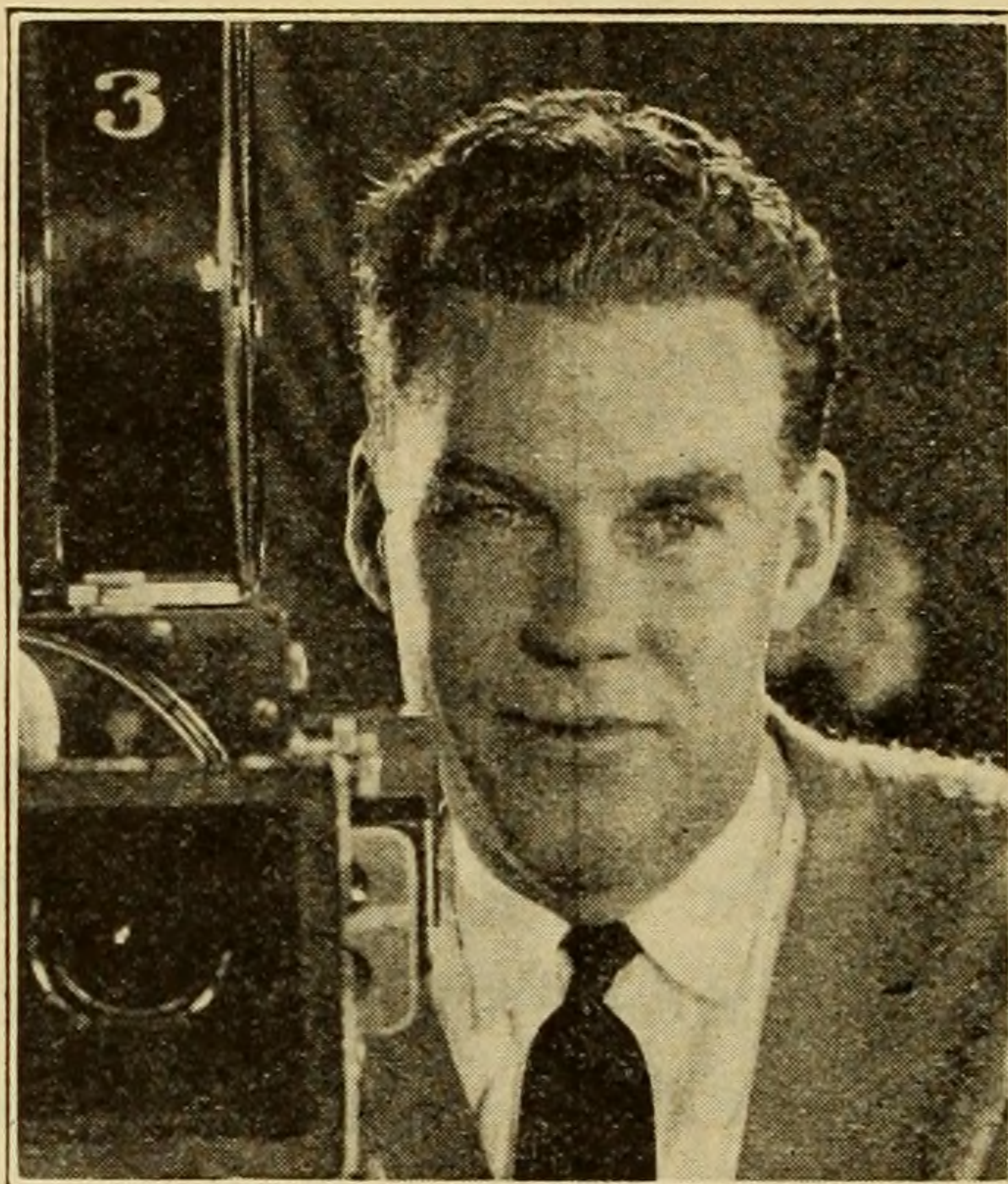
Unique Effects

One of the outstanding photographic bits of the "Sea Hawk" is the running night sea battle between a large Moorish gallese, manned by 350 galley slaves and fighting men, and a gigantic 235 foot English frigate with a crew of nearly 400 men. This scene was photographed on the Northern Coast of Santa Catalina at ten in the morning with climatic conditions anything but favorable, with a special filter, and on the screen the accuracy of the lighting is truly uncanny.

35 Feet in the Air

Several unusually active fighting scenes were photographed from a mast about 35 feet above the combatants.

By J. L. Johnston



NORBERT F. BRODIN, A. S. C.

The scenes of the duelling maintained the minutest detail of every movement plus delicately lighted background that provides excellent contrast.

Shooting on Ledge

More than a score of scenes made at Catalina had to be made from the side of a high cliff where it was very difficult for the cameraman to stand,

Following are a few newspaper review excerpts which are indicative of how the most famous critics received the cinematography of Norbert Brodin, A. S. C. in "The Sea Hawk":

GUY PRICE, Los Angeles Herald: "I could sit and look at the sea scenes by Norbert F. Brodin until the Democrats get together on their candidate."

FLORENCE LAWRENCE Los Angeles Examiner: "The photography is a great credit to Mr. Brodin."

PEARL RALL, Los Angeles Evening Express: "Too much credit cannot be given the photographer of 'The Sea Hawk.'"

EDWIN SCHALLERT, Los Angeles Times: "Frank Lloyd must share honors with his cameraman, Norbert F. Brodin, in the achievement of 'The Sea Hawk.'"

Norbert Brodin's Accomplishment Is Lauded By Press and Profession Alike

let alone set his camera and keep it balanced while shooting.

Night Scenes Impressive

The night scenes which arrive on the screen near the conclusion of the picture when the English frigate is lashed to the Moorish gallese and The Sea Hawk and Lady Rosamund taken from the latter ship, provided innumerable problems to the cameraman, but in spite of the large spaces to be lighted and the many conflicting shadows to be overcome that the lighting of natural moonlight and ship's lanterns might be made accurate, Mr. Brodin worked out his effects with exceptional speed and correctness. The night scene which shows in close-up the prow of the massive English frigate coming from nothingness toward the camera, won a round of applause on the opening night of "The Sea Hawk" in New York and in Los Angeles.

Praised by Hays

Mr. Brodin made the most of his possibilities in developing his composition and sea scapes in long shots for "The Sea Hawk," the scenes showing the Spanish galleon coming into view beyond a Minorcan headland, and another of the English tramp ship "The Swallow" making a sharp starboard turn directly toward the lens having won enthusiastic commendation from Will H. Hays and many magazine critics.

"Third Dimension"

So splendidly did Mr. Brodin diaphram a number of exterior scenes taken on the wharf of the Santa Catalina location that the jamissaries and slaves on parade prior to boarding the Moorish gallese seem to have a third dimension. So noticeably "rounded" were these scenes that on the occasion of the opening at the Astor theatre, New York, more than a score of patrons wrote notes about the effect to First National officials and newspaper editors.

Photographic Emphasis

The quality of Mr. Brodin's interior scenes in the English and Moorish sequence is deserving of special mention, particularly that of the wedding of Rosamund and Lionel, so abruptly interrupted by the arrival of The Sea Hawk and corsairs.

Throughout the entire picture Mr.
(Continued on page 21)

Red Goes to Hell



*In Which a Troubled Second
Cameraman Is Whisked into
Control of the Lower Regions*

It was hotter'n hell.

In fact, I was in hell.

Don't ask me how I got there because I don't know. The last thing that I remember was that the thermometer was trying to break through the bottom of the mercury ball, up in the mountains about two days by pack from Truckee. The snow was deeper'n one of them Freud novels and the weather was colder'n a newly-starred's ritz.

To make matters worse, Toughliver, our prize German police dog star—pardon me, I mean *shepherd* dog star—had run off in the woods and was running true to the form of all the animal yarns by letting himself be vamped by one of them she-wolves.

Well, one night when I got burnt out over getting frozen up all day long looking for old Liver I up and bought one of the demijohns of firewater that one of the redskins who was hanging onto the company was peddling around—I thought that it would be great stuff to keep the chills from coming through the chinks in the logs of the cabin and hopping on my back and playing catchers all up and down it. Anyway, hard-guy directors always made me have a preference for hard liquor—hard and straight.

All of a sudden I kind of felt myself slipping like—which was unusual for a guy like me who always could drink the thirstiest right under the table. I kept on dropping and shooting through the air—it was sure some uncomfortable feeling, just like walking down Broadway and slowly realizing that your suspender had snapped and that your garter was slipping. I consoled myself by thinking that I would have to land some place and I quick felt around me to make sure that I wasn't locked up in any torpedo that was being shot to Mars. Nope, here I was, all intact, with nothing cramping my style. I wasn't any spirit either because I could reach down and feel the bunion on my left little toe, and my cranking arm was OK and everything.

Well, I thought, maybe I'm on my way to heaven. I reach around and to feel if any wings were shoving out but I couldn't make sure because my shoulder blades were always kind of sharp. Just about the time I was ready to give St. Peter the high sign and check in on my harp, and step out on the streets of pearl curbed in gold and strum off a nice little ditty, what should happen but that I shoot in some dark place that seemed mighty much like a tunnel.

Before I had time to throw up my hand to see whether I could see it before my face I landed right smack down into a long hall that was redder than an aging star's second chin on a close-up. Hold on, what's this, I thought, this is too red to be red gold even, and it sure is a darn sight hotter'n I ever expected heaven to be. I guess I'd better open my collar for sure as I'm born, them walls is burning asbestos. When I reached up to yank off my collar, lo and behold there wasn't no collar there, and right there I realized that maybe I was right about feeling my suspender snapping and my garter slipping—because I didn't have nothing on but a pair of trunks that looked like there were woven out of filament of electric light bulbs, and that was just what the material was. But somehow I didn't feel hot in spite of all the blazing around me.

The next thing I got to thinkin' of was how to get out.

I looked in the back of me and she was blacker than the old ace of spades. I then sides over cautiously like and takes a punch at the burning asbestos walls, but they wasn't no trick drop curtains—they was *walls* and harder than a production manager's head. And the ceiling was the same kind of stuff.

Well, thinking I, since they's no way to retreat there's nothing to do but to go ahead. So ahead I begins to step. As I went on the floor which had been plain stone and not bothersome to me changed to red hot cinders. Strange thing, they didn't hurt my feet a bit. All at once, when I got over speculating was to if the cinders were going to scorch my tootsies, I got a bright idea! It wasn't so bright either because it made my mouth, my heart and my tummy switch places.

I wasn't in heaven at all! I was in hell!

You could have blowed me over with a megaphone. All my life I had counted so strong on strolling the pearly streets that when I got on the direct road to hell I didn't realize where I was. Talk about mind over matter—how's that!

Well, being in the moving picture business so long had made me an optimist so I quick recalled something that I had always said in fun—that if I got to hell I'd at least meet my friends there. I figured that I could run into some of them there anyway. Maybe some of them would have some of the cold checks, some how or other, that I had got and been holding on different jobs—this might be a good place to warm them up and get some action on them.

I was in this kind of pensive mood, sweating plenty but not getting burnt any, when I steps on a cinder that was bigger than the rest, and presto, right on my right opens a door. Well, I've shot enough airplane stuff to be adventuresome, even if I am only a second cameraman, so I pops in the door, and for the life of me if I didn't think that I was in the outer office of some Poverty Row producing company. I couldn't help but feel that I was waiting for a job or was trying to get one, and I expected the old dame in the office to look up from the smoking hot book she was reading (it wasn't any of Elinor's either) and tell me, No, Mr. Makemquick can't see you right now, but he will be at liberty in a few minutes—which might mean one day or three weeks even.

Instead, when she looks up she gives me a double O, instead of a double X, and gasps like if I was a young Valentino Apollo and a Don Juan all rolled into one—a guy with a pan like I got. She singed out of the back door of the office and pretty soon she was back with three guys that were dead ringers for the censorship squad in Podunk.

Come right this way, O, noble sir, they said, and I begun to think that maybe hell had an Oriental slant to it. They steered me through a series of offices and I sure did think that I was going to apply for a job, only with some big company this time. Because here was all the secretaries that you had to slip through to get to the Big Boys only none of the sexy secs were heading me off this time.

Pretty soon we busted right into a big room that for
(Continued on page 15)

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(Continued from page 13)

size would make all the big stages put together look like one of George Eastman's Cine Kodaks beside the big camera up at Mount Wilson. And talk about a Wampas frolic or an A. S. C. ball—this was the *devil's ball*. And instead of confetti and all that stuff, they were shooting Roman Candles and tossing around red-hot rivets, playful like. C. B. ought to been there. He'd a-give the rest of the hair on his head to shoot the scene, I'd been willing to bet.

But as soon as they lamped me they laid off the censorable stuff and made a path as wide as a director gets among the extra girls and boys. This was more attention than I ever did get in my life outside of the time I forgot to load the magazines and was grinding an empty camera on the old man's twenty thousand dollar set.

Meanwhile they had begun shouting, long live the king, long live the king, and I begun to suspicion that maybe this was a p. a. gag on that picture of Jackie Coogan's that Frank Good shot not so long ago. But when all of these here dames started running out and kissing me on the shins, I begun to take a little stock in myself and think maybe I'd be a big director some day after all—these people here sure seemed to realize my importance. Then they bust out shooting Roman Candles again and hot rivets too, but strange to say, they were just like bawling out a star—they didn't phase me a bit.

All at once I caught sight of the throne. It was made out of running pig iron illuminated with Sun arcs. Before I knew what was happening, my reception committee had me up to the throne and was saying, Meet the Devil himself.

What a devil! They wouldn't even let him in a Main street burlesque show. He didn't have no form at all. He didn't even come near to lookin' like George Arliss in his picture. No horns, no zits, no goatee, no climbing eyebrows, no forked tail, no pitchfork, no villain leer, no red skin, no nothing.

But here was the big wallop. He looked like the walking impersonation of what the comic artists picture Old Man Blue Sunday. He looked like he wouldn't say "hell" for the heat of it. He was just too pious looking for words.

But he found words all right.

Brother and stister denizens of the most glorious land of hell, he said, allow me to introduce to you this evening our King for the Night. As you know, fond brethern and sisters, there is only one day a year when the Devil himself can be superseded on his throne and that is on the day of the Devil's ball. And there is only one kind of person who can supersede him on that day. And that person must be a fresh arrival in hell that day.

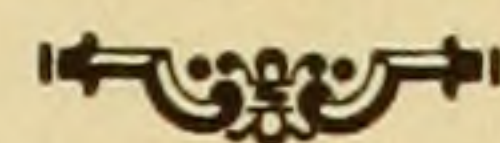
You will observe that he is here. He comes on the right day. You will also observe that he fulfills the specifications of a King at the Devil's ball. He is freckled faced and red haired.

Ladies and gentlemen of hell, I take great honor in presenting to you our king for the day—Mr. Mike O'Leary, the king of hell.

Well, sir, I'll tell you that I had a hunch that maybe this guy was trying to kid me, especially when he made those cracks about my complexion and my coiffure. I know I ain't got one of them skins you love to touch, but still at the same time I ain't ashamed of being Irish—even in hell.

I was just about to haul off and knock this son of an

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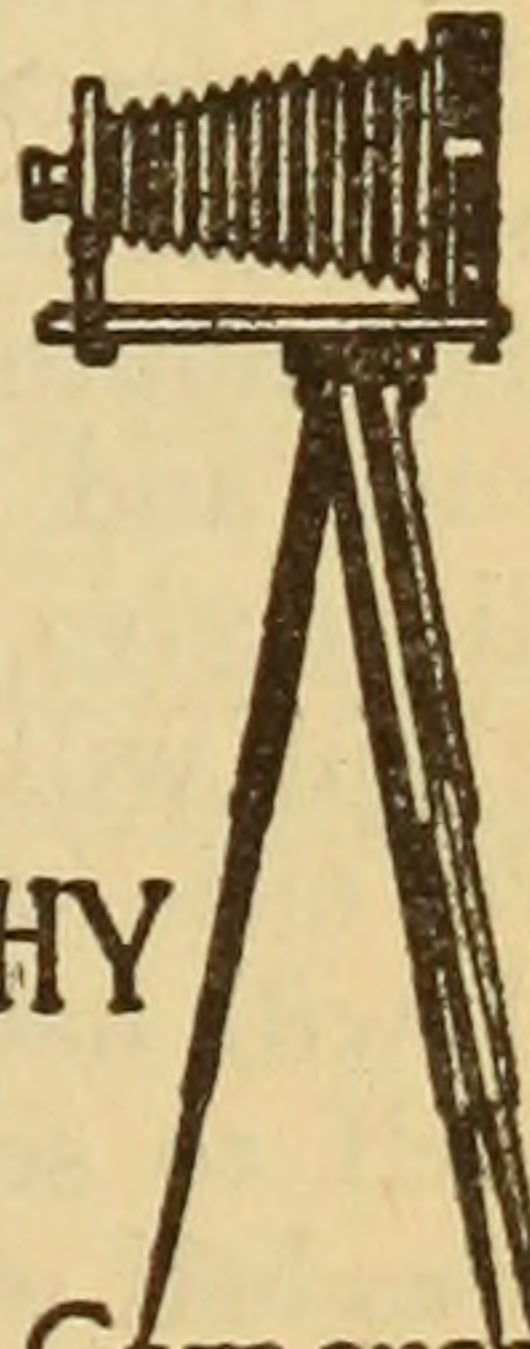
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assistant back into the middle of Bluemonia where he come from when I couldn't help but notice that the hand I was getting all over the house was the real McCoy. Lillian Russell at a gibson girl matinee or keep Cool Cal Coolidge at a Republican convention couldn't have got a better one.

So in the back of my head I begun to hope that Wesley Barry or Mickey Daniels wouldn't show up and queer my act, even if the Devil himself knew my name. Lord knows where he got it.

So I cut loose with my speech of acceptance. Cal or Jack Davis could do no better in the hills West Virginia or Vermont.

Ladies and gentlemen, says I, it does indeed give me great pleasure to be with you on this memorable occasion. I guess you are all familiar with the platform that elevated me to this signal honor. Now that I am elected I am hell-bound to carry out that platform and I will work to do it until the fires of hell freeze over.

My new department of refreshments, which I will call Andy Budheuser to head, will see to it that there is never a dry mouth in hell. There will be crushed ice on every corner and brass rails instead of curbs. Every corner will receive a fresh consignment of limes each day and the gin will be the best that the London gineries can turn out—with no counterfeited labels on them either.

I will nationalize the electric fan industry and pledge myself to see that everybody keeps cool even if it is as hot as hell which it is. But appreciative of the substantial vote that my lady supporters have always given me I want to reiterate at this time that a large fox and ermine

farm is to be established on the Hothouse grounds for the raising of furs for the ladies to wear on summer p.m.'s. Those ladies who voted against me will not be forgotten, either, for they will be given neckpieces made out of the choicest bat hides.

You should of seen that gang fall for my line. My audience was truly electrified. They hung on my words like mother does onto the second Mary Pickford when she brings her into the casting office with the twenty-five year old curls hanging down the sweet young thing's back.

I wound up my little spiel with a dodge something like this:

I know that we are going to be friends, so on with the dance and don't nobody pay for any drinks tonight, for I proclaim it a national holiday and the saloons can present their bills to the national treasury and warrants will be issued forthwith.

You should a-heard the howl go up. They gave me the hip, hip, hooray and said I was the hottest guy in hell.

Well I busted out into the crowd intending to look up some of my relatives and friends, thinking that they would be the first ones to get jobs in the king's privy cabinet, because, having received my training in the hard school of motion pictures, I knew that it was most highly ethical to see that all of your relatives had jobs first.

But I got the surprise of my life when I focussed on the crowd. I couldn't dig up a single crony of mine. I began to regret that I hadn't rustled up a job on Fox's Dante's "Inferno" as an assistant to the assistant property man so that I would have the lowdown on how

to get away with a kingship in hell. There's nothing like a moving picture education, you know. If I hadn't realized that I wouldn't have had the nerve to stall through my speech the way I did without even a megaphone, because I didn't know what I was talking about. But I knew those kind of things weren't entirely taboo because they slipped some kind of honor like that to Lon Chaney in Laemmle's "Notre Dame." However, I did wish that I had the first information on hell a few centuries ahead of time like the Yank did in Fox's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

Anyway, it looked more like heaven than hell to me, if you could judge by the inhabitants. About the first thing I laid my eyes on was a crowd of ladies that came nosing out to the studio one day to check up on the bathing beauties' bathing suits—they had tape measures with them to make sure they weren't too long. That day they had collars on that tickled their ears. But you should have seen them in hell—every one of them. Why the top of their dresses was all neck and the bottoms—why they were all imagination. You could have wrapped their garments in a postage stamp and have enough left over for beauty spots.

And how they objected that time about our ingenue's bobbed hair. But you should have seen them that day! They had every kind of bob in captivity. And the very one that almost threw a fit when she saw us smoking on the set was heaving away on two cigarettes at once. Get that, will you?

Well, you can believe me or not, I got to feeling virtuous, even if I was a former second cameraman and King of Hell. I got kind of bored watching these used-to-be-nice ladies jazzing around so I busted away from the ones that had their arms around me and dodged into a side street that had hot carbon for pavement.

I hadn't gone far when I came to a theatre with signs all made out of Sun Arcs, Kleigs, Winfields, and Crecos, which were telling the world that "Our Own Home Hula Girls" was sizzling on the stage that night.

I went to the BO and was going to decorate the marble when all of a sudden I discovered that I didn't have any money, nor did I know what kind they used there if any. But somehow or other the theatre management got the flash that I was the King so they ushered me to the royal box.

Well I had been expecting to see some extra hot stuff, seeing that it was hell, on the stage, but when I lamped bald-head row I changed my mind. I concluded that the signs were merely pressagenting a strawberry festival. Those guys who had a strangle hold on the best seats were the exact personnel of a bunglesome delegation that had crashed the gates of the city alderman's chambers with a lengthy petition to drive all moving pictures and burlesque shows out of Ooskamaloosa.

But when the curtain went up I changed my mind again and then changed it back again. Those grass skirts that those hula maidens had on didn't never see a lawn mower—they were just plain close shaved!

Here was one place I was in favor of censorship of dress. Those delicate things on the stage should have been swathed in yards of clothes and pads from their chins to their hoofs. They desecrated all ideas of the beautiful, they looked like sacks full of door knobs, but maybe that's the reason that they constituted the other half of the delegation of ladies that came out to he studios to measure the bathing suits that day.

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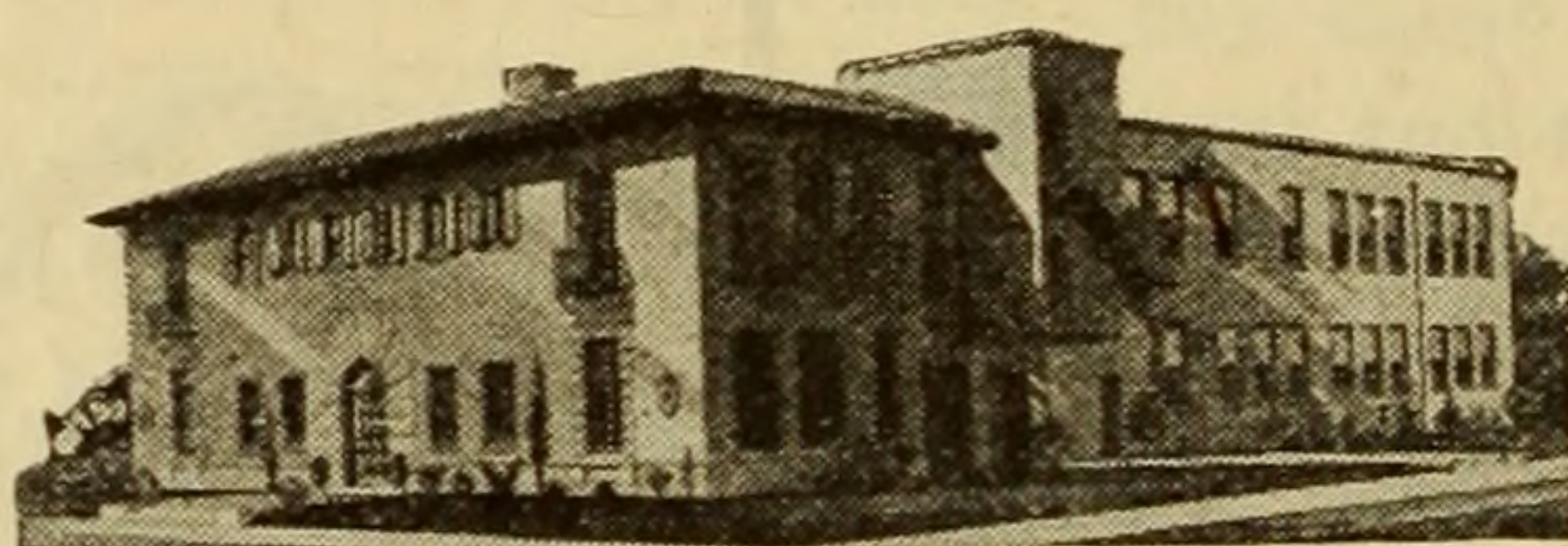
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But you should of seen the city hall delegation down in the front rows. They were howling with joy. They were stamping the floor so hard that sparks flew in all directions.

A couple of those old crowbaits up on the stage went to kick and do the fluffy-ruffle turn and darn if they didn't fall on top of each other. That was just plain punk. If it would of been any place else they'd of got the raspberry—and the cabbages too, but they just got applause which didn't make me think so much of the hand that I got when I was inaugurated as king.

When I saw the sparks flying up from the excessive stamping of the floors I figured that this would be a good time to end the misery, so I yelled, fire. But I forgot that this was hell and I saw right off the bat that the old cue for a panic was denatured for nobody even so much as made a move that they heard me.

What's the use of being king, I thought, if you don't show your authority. Show it, or they'll think you're a dud anyway. Just like the director who don't do much bawling out. So I stands up in my box and says, Hear ye, Hear ye. And you should have seen them lay off their foolishness then. You could have heard a pin drop if it hadn't melted when it hit the floor.

I told them that every one of them hussies on the stage was thereby ordered to go home and dress in a combination of hoop skirts and bustles and if ever one of them showed up the way they were dressed that night I would make them let their hair grow long. Then I

ordered the house cleared, and, believe me, they cleared. Before I got downstairs the house was empty. None of them dared trifle with King Mike O'Leary.

I went out into the hot night air feeling like a vacationist on the third day of a two week's stay at a summer resort. Being king was all right, but how the blank did I know that I would ever get out of hell and what was going to happen when I passed by the board as all kings must? That sure set me to thinking when who should I run into but old Causeandeffect who flunked me two terms straight before they agreed with me that I hadn't better go to high school.

He didn't seem surprised to see me there as I don't think he would be because he always predicted that my reverse complex would carry me to the dogs. I guess I shouldn't have been surprised to see him there either because he was one of those guys who knew so much that you spilled your ignorance to question anything he might do.

So I decided not to be ritzy even if I was newly kinged, so I says, Hello Causie, what's the effect of my mental thought wave tonight?

He had the snappy comeback ready and said, Well what's on your mind is that you desire to know why ultra-respectable ladies and gentlemen on earth do, down here in hell, the very things that they crusaded against on the earth plane. That's simple psychological complex—namely, when unnatural restraint is thrown off the imperious person does, in an imitative but imperfect fashion, that which he envies in folks that he causes himself to condemn.

To cut out the trimmings, I came back, you mean to say that these hussies down here are trying to put over just what they were jealous of in the poor, pretty little extra girls? Uh-huh, well, all I got to say that they're just trying to put on the dog and they sure are flopping.

Now look here, Causie, can a king every get out of hell if he should want to run up to some place—say, like Catalina for the week end?

Once in hell, always in hell, comes back old Psycho, with the one exception that once a king carries with it the privilege of leaving this kingdom behind provided the king can convince not only the men denizens here but also the women denizens that there may have existed at some time or other ladies more beautiful than those in hell—who seem to believe that hell can do what all the drug stores and diets couldn't do before they took up reforming.

Just as simple as blowing out the fires of hell with one breath, I observed.

I registered deep thought by writing my initials, followed by "rex," in the cinders at my feet with my big toe. Finally I "had it," as the writers for little boys and Englishmen say.

Siki, I mean Cause, I said, is there any way that you can get to the bottom of the Pacific?

What're you holding? he wants to know, not at all school-teacher-like.

Sixty-forty until the cost of the negative is back and then fifty-fifty, I told him.

He savvies right away and asks me what I want him to do and I told him.

Well before the denizens of hell knew what had happened they were sitting in the biggest theatre in hell waiting for something to happen. It was the biggest audience that ever assembled in hell—thanks to my exploitation. All that I did was puff up the show to a couple of the gabbiest dames in the joint, and before I knew it they were storming the gates.

They were paying a premium to get in too. I had enough diamonds to build a house out of, thanks also to my motion picture education. If you remember serials of the early days like I do, you'll remember one in which Irving Cummings was the hero and Lottie Pickford was the heroine. It was "The Diamond from the Sky," the diamond falling to the earth in a meteor and the serial hung around that diamond. And our admission prices hung around the same kind of diamonds. It was a meteor diamond for admission and before long the pits and brimstones of hell were being combed over for meteor diamonds and they got them too.

The house was packed to the gills when the picture went on. Old Causie had rustled up an asbestos screen, and had got a couple of chemist-engineers who were his cronies to fix up a projection room that would be safe for his film.

Little did I think the time that I tossed that negative overboard on my way to Honolulu that it would come in so handy. In fact, I was cussing it because the censors wouldn't let it pass.

And when I showed it in hell! Why it set the place afire. The only ones that didn't fall for it was the original censors who tried to keep a cold shoulder and an icy stare on it but it wasn't long before they thawed out. And the old men—when they saw those perfect 36's they said I was the best showman in the world. It was a regular landslide. Even the stubbornest women hopped aboard the band wagon. Don't ask me why they did it,

(Continued on page 21)

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New Headquarters Almost Finished

New offices of the American Society of Cinematographers and of the *American Cinematographer* will be ready for occupancy within the next six or eight weeks, it is announced. The new Guaranty Building, at Hollywood Boulevard and Ivar Avenue, Hollywood, in which the headquarters are located on the top floor, is practically completed.

Finishing Touches

Only the final finishing touches such as the installation of the lighting fixtures and the radiators remain to be put on. All heavy work on the building has been effected some time past. A young army of workmen are busy on the building to have it ready in record time.

Furnishings

A. S. C. members are now devoting their attention toward providing proper furnishing for the new headquarters and from plans that have been outlined the offices will be among the most elaborate in the entire building.

Strategic Location

It is said by those who have inspected the building that the A. S. C. offices are probably the most strategically located in the entire structure. They occupy a major unit on the top floor with an unobstructed view for miles over the Hollywood hills, Los Angeles proper and the sister cities stretching beyond from the mountains to the sea. A. S. C. members who have inspected the suite recently are particularly enthusiastic over the view that is afforded by its windows.

Enhanced Values

It is declared that the investment presented in the new building has already enhanced itself magically since the plan for its construction on one of Hollywood's most valuable corners was first conceived. The lot on which the edifice stands distinctly is one of the most valuable in Southern California. What its value will represent a decade hence is a matter for imagination and not calculation, if judged from the phenomenal rise in Hollywood real estate values within the past ten years.

Rapid Rise

During this time Hollywood has evolved from little

Watterson R. Rothacker sailed on the Olympic July 5 on his annual trip to Europe. Prior to sailing he had made a hurried trip to Hollywood where he stayed a week.

During this summer trip he will visit England, France, Germany and possibly Italy, stopping off at motion picture centers where he will be particularly on the lookout for advancements in laboratory process.

The head of the Rothacker Enterprises has appointments with several of the more important European producers, with whom he will confer on the proposition of American-made prints for the American market.

In England he will be present at the first National convention and while in that country expects to spend considerable time with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, from whom some years ago he bought the motion picture rights to "The Lost World."

Mr. Rothacker plans to return to America the last week in August

A. S. C. Offices to Be Ready for Occupancy before Elapse of Next Two Months

more than a sleepy village to one of the busiest cities in the country, notwithstanding the fact that it is nominally a part of the corporate city of Los Angeles.

Metropolitan

Spurred on by the operations of the motion picture studios, population and business has been attracted to the community until it is, in truth, a city unto itself. Its population is conservatively estimated to be between 75,000 and 100,000.

For these reasons, as well as for actual motion picture production reasons, the American Society of Cinematographers decided to intertwine its own future with that of Hollywood by establishing its home there permanently.

Martin Quigley on the Sunday Closing of Theatres

Writing in the Exhibitors Herald of which he is publisher and editor, Martin J. Quigley surveys the matter of Sunday closing as follows:

The one big thing standing in the way of seven days a week of motion pictures in all towns and cities throughout the country is the traditionally hostile prejudice against theatrical exhibitions on Sunday. The sentiment which has kept the stage theatres dark on Sunday was largely generated by the type of exhibition commonly encountered in the smaller town theatres.

A great many of these exhibitions doubtlessly were not properly suited to performance on week days as well as Sundays. At any rate, the irresponsible travelling show is the thing that forms the actual basis of the great part of the real opposition to Sunday motion picture shows.

The exhibitor may properly contend that his motion picture show is suited to performance on Sunday as well as on any other day. Technically, he has a perfect case against the closing of his theatre on Sunday. But under existing conditions abstract arguments are not likely to lead to any practical relief.

It is our thought that in towns that are closed on Sundays the exhibitor, with an eye to eventually arriving at the desired end of having a seven day town, should conduct, even at some expense to himself, a specialized exhibition on Sundays which, if properly directed, would unquestionably break down the wall of prejudice that now stands in the way of having shows on Sunday.

There are educational and inspirational subjects to be obtained that could be built into a Sunday program that would not only escape criticism but unquestionably would receive the vigorous support of just those people who are chronically against ordinary theatrical performance on Sunday.

The exhibitor who is closed on Sunday, except in cases where it is purely a political matter, may bear in mind that he is confronting simply a prejudice. His case has full merit but he cannot win by theoretical argument. He can however, win by means of demonstrating that a certain kind of Sunday show is an asset to any community.

This would entail a certain cost but with the eventual reward of another day's business every week, the time effort and expense would be well worth while.

FILM PSYCHOLOGY AND "THE TEN COMMAND- MENTS"

(Continued from page 6)

Separate Entity

Each scene is an entity to itself. It cannot be mechanically classified or segregated, and illuminated accordingly. It should exist once and only once for all time. There should be nothing like it in the world. It is in a class by itself. It must be so treated. It is a fully created child of the writer's and the director's brains and the cinematographer must do everything within his power to make the child appear natural.

Style and the Rut

If he does not give each scene the individual treatment that it requires, it is not long before his work as a cinematographer settles into a rut—and that means that he ceases to progress. I do not say that the cinematographer should deliberately rob himself of everything that may be construed as his own style—but there is a difference between style and laboring in a rut.

And, after all, in speaking of style the ideal cinematographer at present is the one who can "put over" his director's or star's style on the screen.

NEW YORK STRONG LURE TO A. S. C. MEMBERS

(Continued from page 9)

familiar with. Whitman is regarded as especially able to organize such a department as he is recognized as one of the masters of the miniature, trick and "effect" cinematography. For many years he was identified with the Mack Sennett Studios in such capacity and later was the guiding genius of a similar department at Universal City. He severed his Universal connections to join Arthur Edeson for the intricate creations on Fair-

banks' "The Thief of Bagdad."

Good on Coogan Feature

Frank B. Good, A. S. C. has departed for Gotham where he will film the concluding scenes on Jackie Coogan's last production before the Coogans leave for Europe on the milk relief expedition. According to present plans, Frank will not tarry long in the metropolis but will hasten back to Southern California where he has been identified with things cinematographic for many years past. He has filmed all of young Coogan's features of the past two years, and these include the most pretentious that the young starlet has essayed including "Long Live the King," "Circus Days," and "Little Robinson Crusoe." Previous to his affiliation with the Coogans, Good for many seasons was the chief cinematographer for Tom Mix at Fox.

Glennon with Bern

Bert Glennon, A. S. C. has left for the Paramount Long Island Studios where he will photograph Paul Bern's next production for the Famous-Players-Lasky banner. Glennon has just finished the photography of Bern's first directorial effort for the Paramount Hollywood studios.

Seitz Still in Gotham

John F. Seitz, A. S. C. has been in New York City since his return from Northern Africa where he filmed Rex Ingram's "The Arab," which is among the current releases.

Long in New York

E. Burton Steene, Ned Van Buren, Roy F. Overbaugh, and Henry Cronjager, all A. S. C. members, have been in New York City for such a period that it is regarded as their permanent headquarters. They have, in their respective connections, given the screen some of the outstanding cinematographic gems of the past several years.

Ira Morgan and George Barnes, both A. S. C. members, will forsake the metropolis shortly for the sunny skies of Southern California under which the next Maron Daves feature will be photographed. They have worked together on the past several Davies vehicles that have been produced in New York.

L. Guy Wilky, A. S. C., sojourned to Manhattan several months ago to film a William de Mille production but has returned to Hollywood some time since.

"THE SEA HAWK'S"

CINEMATOGRAPHY

(Continued from page 12)

Brodin's interior scenes have a consistent soft, rich photographic quality that makes watching the stirring action doubly easy and enhances the action considerably by presenting every detail of costume or facial expression with emphasis not obviously "planted."

In filming the slave market scenes Mr. Brodin was very successful in reversing the sunlight to suit his will obtaining some delicate backgrounds for his principal action in exactly the same natural light that covered his principals.

Guy Price, in the Los Angeles Herald, said of Mr. Brodin's work: "I could sit and look at the sea scenes by Norbert F. Brodin until the Democrats get together on their candidate."

Florence Lawrence, of the Los Angeles Examiner, said: "The photography is a great credit to Mr. Brodin."

Pearl Rall, of the Express said: "Too much credit cannot be given the photographer of 'The Sea Hawk.'"

Edwin Schallert in the Times, said: "Frank Lloyd must share honors with his cameraman, Norbert F. Brodin, in the achievement of 'The Sea Hawk.'"

A.S.C. Member, Experienced Aviator, Become Seasick on Motorcycle

While making scenes for Paul Bern's picture, "Open All Night," now in production at Lasky Studio it became necessary for Bert Glennon, A. S. C. to take closeups of the bicycle riders as they rode the circular track built on stage number 1. He had his camera mounted upon a side-car of a company motorcycle in such a way that he had to ride backwards. Glennon has had 1000 hours flying both as an officer in the U. S. A. Air Corps and as a stunt instructor, but he never once became sick. After about seven laps around the bicycle track he pantomimed to the driver to stop. As the result of his motorcycle seasickness, Glennon's stomach hasn't been right yet.

RED GOES TO HELL

(Continued from page 19)

because I don't know any more about women that you do. They wanted to elect me king for good if I could book a year's worth of pictures like that. What would the New York ad writers have done to have testimonials like that!

But I was a wise guy. I had all the diamonds packed up in boxes. Just before the next to last reel went on—Causie was projectionist—I went up to the Devil and said that I thought it would be a good idea for me to go back to LA to produce some more of those kind of pictures, and wanted his permission to do so.

He said that wasn't necessary and wrote out a passport on a hot hell shovel, only I didn't get a chance to use it because just about that time I woke up under a bucket of water heaved on me by the boss and heard him say, to get ready to work because they found Toughliver.

Film Daily Sees Danger in Wrong Attitude on Theatre Tax

Appropos of the exhibitors' tax situation, Maurice D. Kann writes as follows in The Film Daily:

A serious situation will again face the industry in the form of a new twist in legislation. Well-posted figures in the business who know a lot but say little predict that in the fall, no less than twenty states will introduce bills seeking to impose a ten per cent tax on admissions.

It is a question if exhibitors themselves are not responsible for the deluge that will come. Why divulge the entire proceedings of exhibitor meetings and allow local newspapers to learn that even only a minority of exhibitors are keeping the tax?

The time should have come long since when any one exhibitor leader should jeopardize the interests of his fellow exhibitors by rushing into print with statements framed without proper thought or treatment. Many well know how the Hays office worked and worked to counteract the appearance of sporadic statements of theatre men here and there on the admission tax. The same thing, identically is occurring now that the tax, in part, has been lifted.

There should be no misunderstanding. There is no lack of sympathy for the exhibitor. Examples are plentiful of the exhibitor who has been forced to pay the Government tax out of his own pocket. Whether or not, as a general thing, the exhibitor should maintain his prices at the same level and keep the difference is a debatable question. It is important to remember that the public expects to receive the benefit. However that may be, one thing is sure:

There are mighty few State Governments in this broad land that are not seeking new means of raising revenue. Anything in print that can be seized upon as an excuse is not being lost sight of. Yes, this is a warning. And the actual development of that warning will be seen in the fall and winter.

Exhibitors are stirring up for themselves a new hornet's nest. They might here find a few words worthy of reflection and then frame their actions accordingly.

Pacific Coast Section of S. M. P. E. Is Formed in Hollywood

The Pacific Coast Section of the Society of Motion Picture Engineers has been organized with headquarters in Los Angeles. J. A. Ball, of the Technicolor organization, has been made chairman of the section and is ex-officio a member of the Board of Managers which in addition will include the Past Chairman after Ball retires from office. Other members of the board are George Mitchell, of the Mitchell Camera Corporation, for a term of two years and R. J. Pomeroy for a term of one year.

Meetings of the new section of the S. M. P. E., which numbers about a dozen active members in and about Hollywood, will not be held at regular intervals but will follow the precedent of the main division of the Society which holds semi-annual meetings in the Spring and the Fall.

—from India

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DEAR SIR:

I am in receipt of your letter of 22nd January, 1924, and accordingly I received 11 copies of the 1923 *American Cinematographer*. I noted about the missing copy of February, 1923. I have not received all the back numbers of the *American Cinematographer*.

I want back numbers from October, 1921 to December, 1922, also, for which I am sending \$3.00 by postal money order, and kindly send the back numbers above mentioned, at your earliest convenience and oblige.

My brother and I are receiving American Cinematographers regularly at present and kindly let me know before our subscriptions expire, so that we may be able to renew the same in time. We find your journal excellent on the subject.

Apologising for troubling you and thanking you in anticipation,
Yours most sincerely,

D. L. MISTRY.

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MANHATTAN MUTTERINGS

(Continued from page 8)

On Location

¶ Roy Overbaugh, A. S. C., is on the Florida coast with director John Robertson who is handling the megaphone for Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates." The company expects to be gone about three weeks when they will return to New York for the interiors.

Laugh This One Off

¶ The following story is credited to one Matty Cohen, a well known assistant cameraman about town.

Matty was assisting a certain cinematographer who was very particular about having the right camera takes printed up. They were working a location on top of the Woolworth building when suddenly the cinematographer's foot slipped and he plunged into space.

Matty, quick of mind, dashed into a downward-bound express elevator and succeeded in catching up with his boss at about the thirty-fifth floor.

Matty yelled at him:

"Have you any last message to leave?"

"Yes," replied the unfortunate cinematog, "Tell them to print up takes 'one' and 'three.' "

Charles Stumar, A. S. C., has begun the filming of "The Best In Life," a Universal Jewel Production, which will run eight reels in length. This drama will be directed by Svend Gade, a noted European director. Mary Philbin and Norman Kerry will head the cast.



Seldom available, A. S. C. members are always in demand for every phase of cinematographic work.

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"Manhattan Mutterings" Comes to Hollywood via Air Mail

The *American Cinematographer's* first manuscript sent via air mail was received during the past month. It was on the editor's desk in Hollywood a trifle more than three days and a half after the envelope in which it was contained was cancelled in New York City.

The manuscript comprised "Manhattan Mutterings," the *American Cinematographer's* new department on New York happenings written by Philip H. Whitman, A. S. C., who, showing the characteristic A. S. C. progressiveness, was prompt to take advantage of the air mail service to rush his copy to this publication.

Incidentally, the second piece of air mail received at the offices of the *American Cinematographer* was for a year's subscription to this publication. It came from Walter D. Kerst, 130 Wegman Parkway, Jersey City, N. Y.



"TRICK JACK," meaning none other than Fred W. Jackman, A. S. C. (with the horn rimmed spectacles). Despite the similarity in names, Mr. Jackman is by no means partial to this kind of animal nor to its cousin, better known as "white mule." This fact is indicated by the circumstance that in the last two productions directed by Mr. Jackman one was Buck, a dog, in "The Call of the Wild," and the other Rex, a horse, in "The King of Wild Horses."

Fred may well be called "Trick Jack," however, if his career is viewed from the perspective of his accomplishments as a "trick" cinematographer. So valuable is he that even now he is called from his directorial course from time to time to lend his genius to productions which embrace baffling photographic sequences.

Ballin Films Picture With Natural Lighting

Hugo Ballin turned back the clock seven years in motion picture technique when he filmed "The Prairie Wife," his current production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer almost entirely by natural lighting.

A great many of the interior scenes for the picture, were filmed on open air stages entirely by natural light, and a great many of the others were photographed with a blending of sunlight and artificial light.

Ballin declares he will use this system of lighting in making all his pictures from now on. The director, who was one of America's best known artists before taking up picture work, maintains he can obtain more beautiful photographic effects with natural lighting.

In the combination of natural and artificial light, the sunlight entered the set through a canvas filter. Ballin made extensive film tests before beginning actual photographic work on the picture and declares he has achieved more effective photography than would have been possible if sunlight had not been used.

It has been five years or more since interior scenes were filmed by natural light. Two of the oldest stages at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios are walled in by glass, but they have been painted over for years to keep out the rays of the sun.

The director believes pictures eventually will go back to natural lighting more or less, in an effort to get better photographic results.

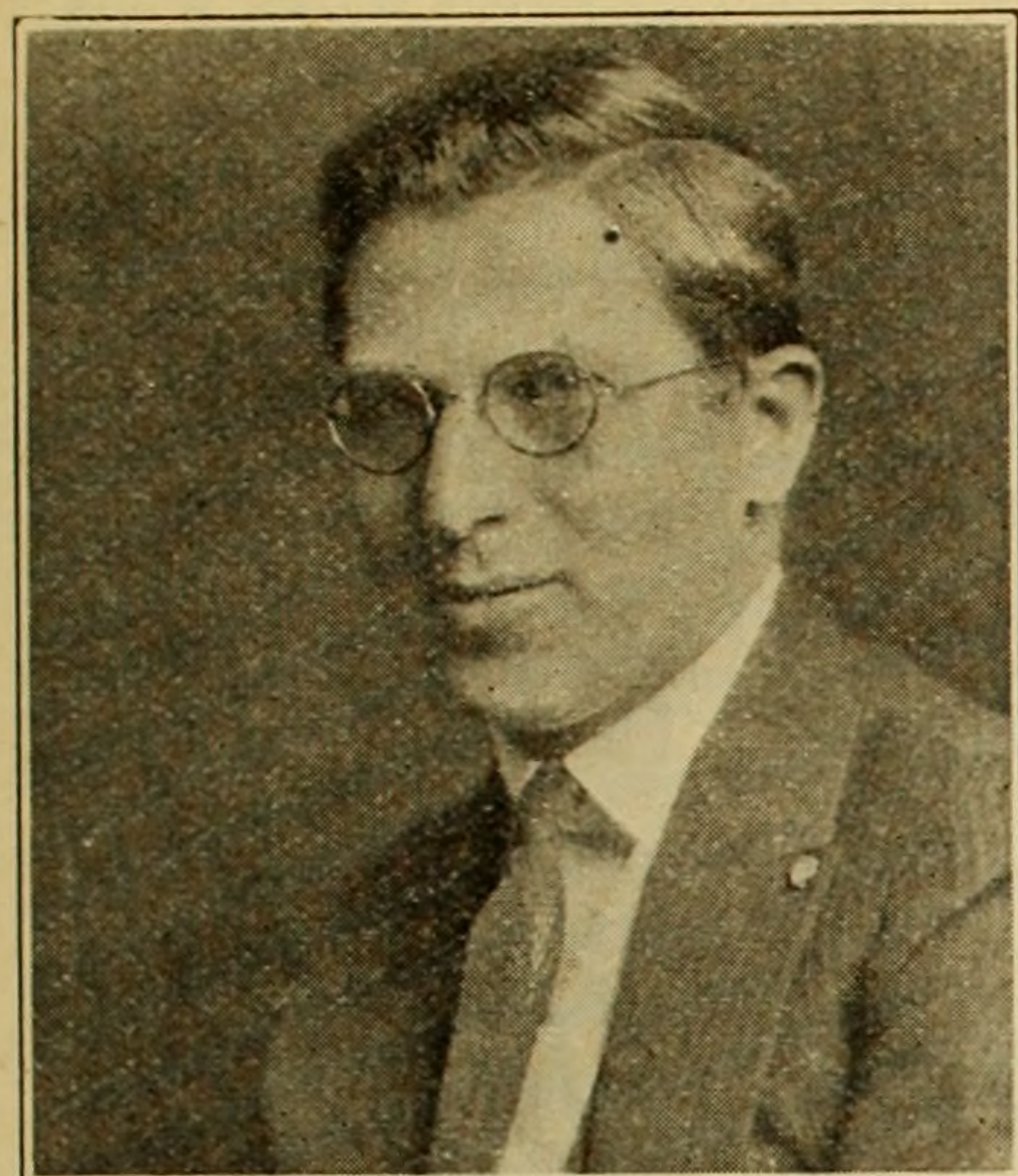
Thermal insulators for film magazines and magazine cases will be included in the photographic equipment which will be taken to Arizona when Reginald Barker goes to the desert region of that state to film scenes for "The Great Divide," the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen version of William Vaughn Moody's stage classic.

Excessive heat dries and makes film so brittle that it will break easily, sometimes in the middle of an important scene that cannot be retaken. There is also danger of static, "sparks" or "ghosts," making its appearance when the film becomes heated. Again, the static proof coating sometimes causes the film to stick to the "gates" of the camera, making the action uneven.

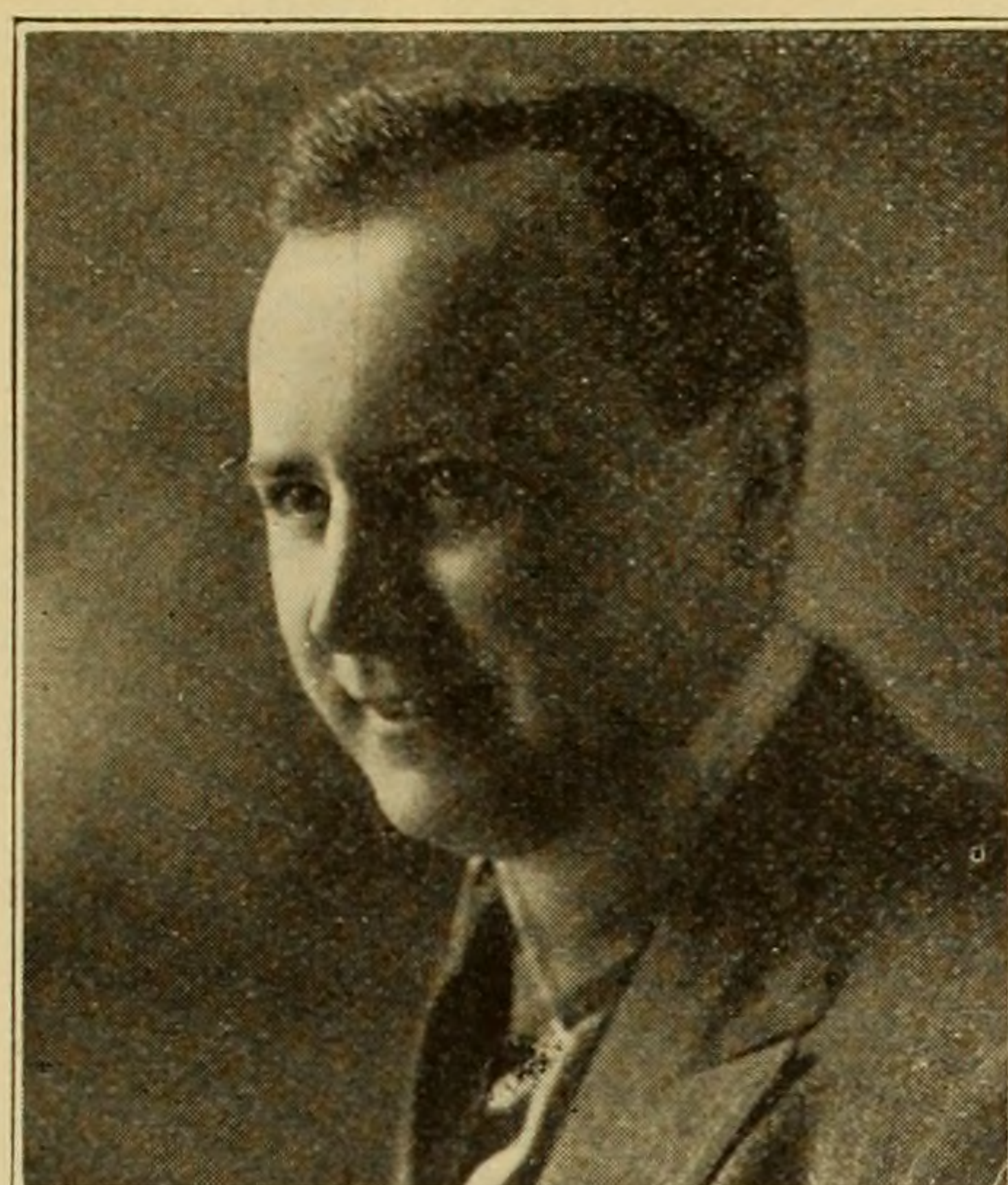
By using thermal insulators these difficulties are taken at one clean hurdle and the cameraman—in the case of "The Great Divide," Percy Hilburn—is saved several hundred hours of worry. Their use makes it possible to work through the hottest part of the day where others are able to film scenes only during the early morning and late afternoon.

Irving G. Thalberg and Reginald Barker are now busy on the selection of the cast for "The Great Divide." The director will leave shortly for Arizona to inspect the locations where a few weeks later they will be hard at work.

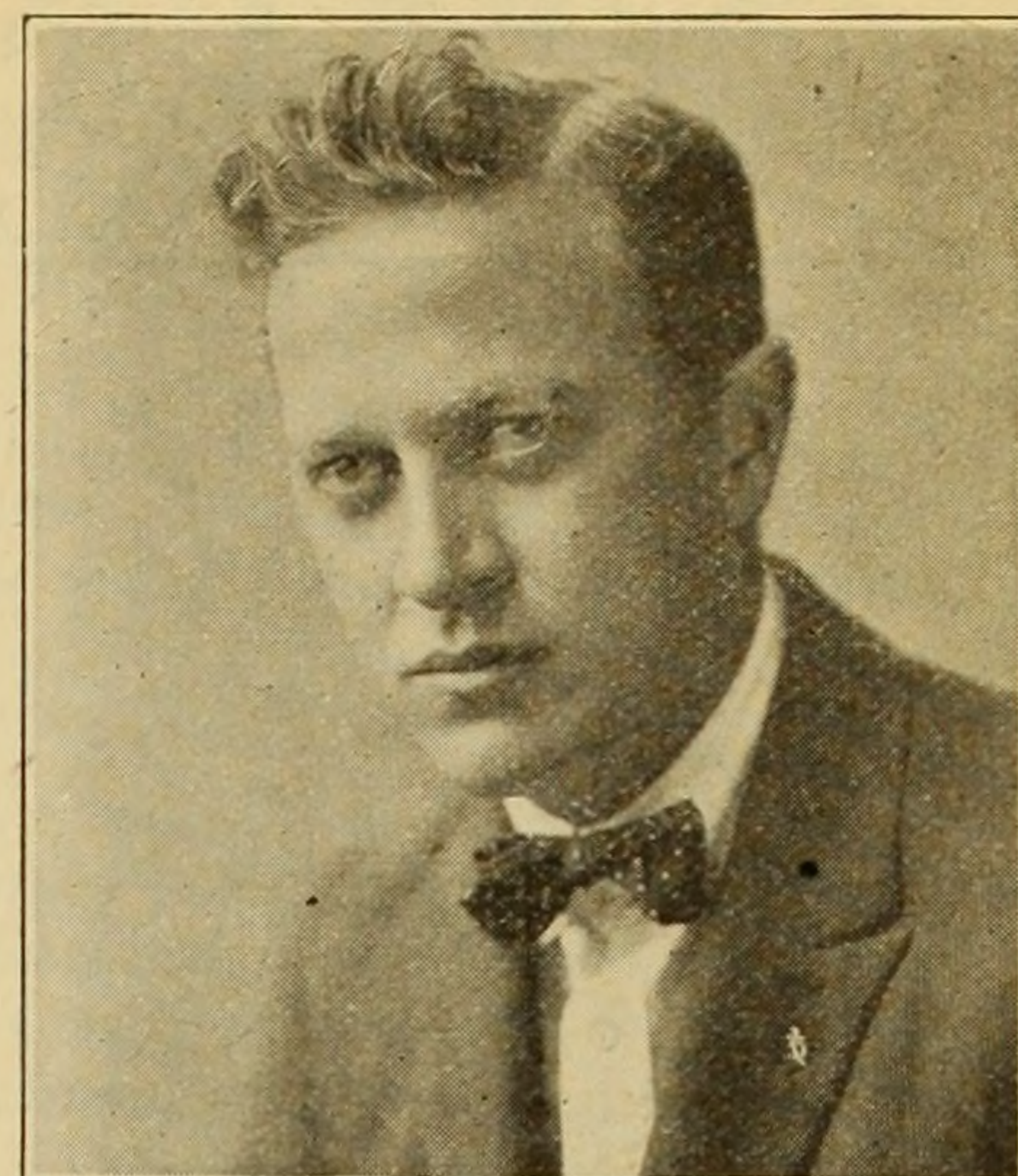
Famous Cinematographic Sextet in New Laurels



SOL POLITO, A. S. C., who has many productions such as "Mighty Lak a Rose," "The Good Bad Man," "The Girl of the Golden West" to his credit. Sol is busier than ever these days being chief cinematographer of Hunt Stromberg productions at the Thomas H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif. He has just finished filming Priscilla Dean in "The Siren of Seville" and will begin shooting "A Cafe in Cairo," with the same star, shortly.



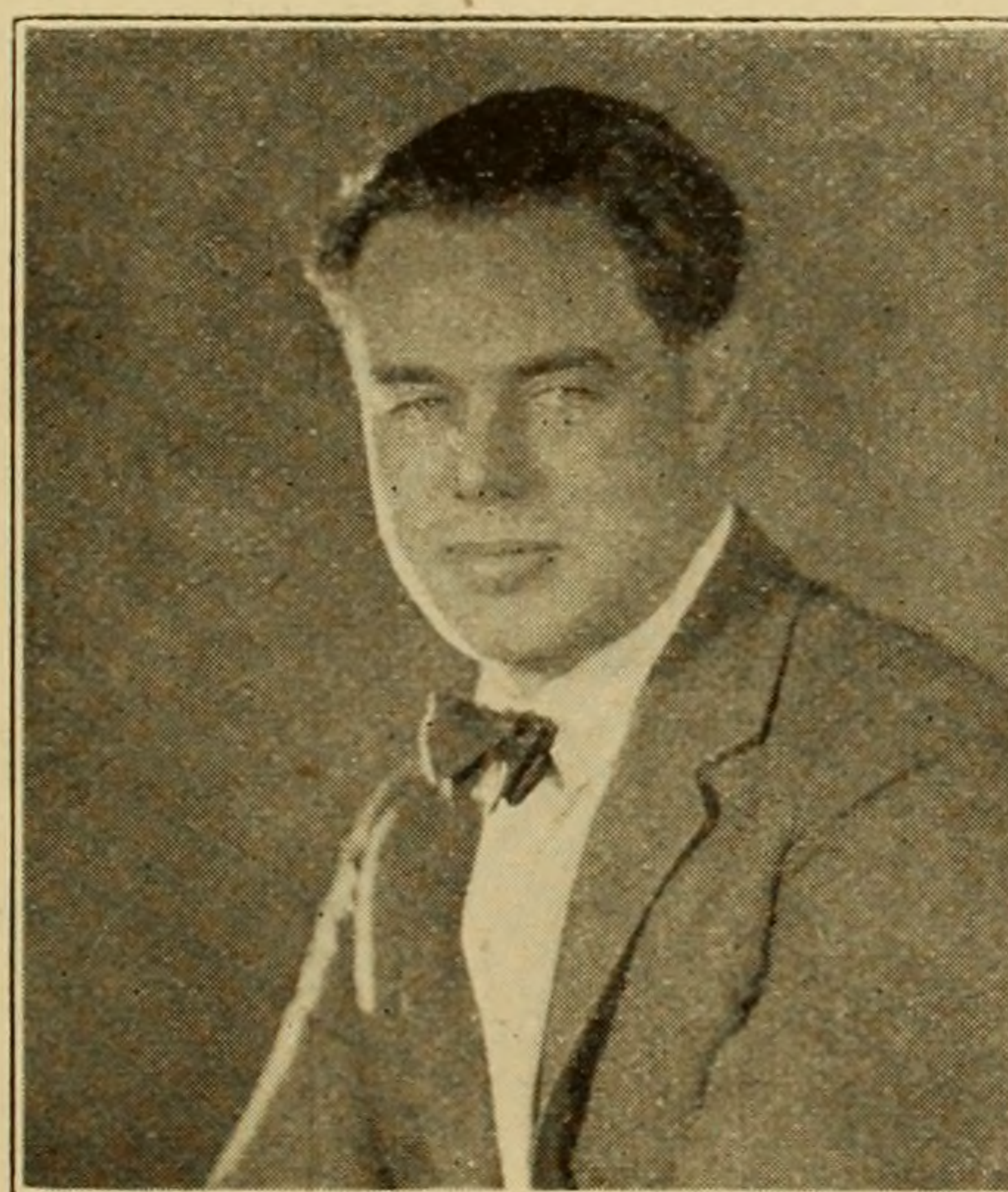
JOHN STUMAR, A. S. C., who proves that one family can produce more than one genius as a cinematographer. Both John and his brother, Charles Stumar, A. S. C., have long been regarded as aces in the calling. John recently completed "Wine" for Universal. Other famous cinematographer brothers are Paul P. Perry and Harry Perry, Fred W. Jackman and Floyd Jackman, all members of the American Society of Cinematographers.



GILBERT WARRENTON, A. S. C., whose consistency as a cinematographer was established even before he filmed the masterpiece, "Humoresque." While with Cosmopolitan in New York, Warrenton was identified with the photographing of such productions as "Under the Red Robe," "Little Old New York" and similar successes. He filmed "Flowing Gold" for First National on returning to Hollywood last year and at present is connected with Universal.



ROBERT V. DORAN, A. S. C., who is a veteran among the oldest veterans, his wide-spread experience dating back to the days when the motion picture industry was really "in its infancy" in New York City. For some time past his abilities have been represented in the Hal Roach comedies which he has been photographing. Unseen though he is on the screen, Doran is doing his share to make the world laugh.



JAMES C. VAN TREES, A. S. C., whose work has become more brilliant than ever since his connection with First National productions. "Flaming Youth" and "Lilies of the Field," and other productions starring Colleen Moore and Corinne Griffith attest to his mastery of his art. Before joining First National Van Trees was on the cinematographic staff of the Famous Players-Lasky West Coast studios for many years.



AL GILKS, A. S. C., who for the first time in many moons will be separated from Sam Wood, the director whose productions he has photographed for some seasons past. Gilks held up the cinematographic end of the combination which turned out the famous Sam Wood-Gloria Swanson vehicles. He is to film Paramount's production of "North of 36," which will be directed by Irvin Willat and is based on the novel by Emerson Hough.



Reginald Lyons, A. S. C., is photographing "Detained," a Joe Rock comedy, starring Stan Laurel and Jimmy Aubrey. Ward Hayes and Marcel Perez are directing.

* * *

E. B. Du Par, A. S. C., has signed as chief cinematographer with Stereoscopic Productions of Sacramento, Calif. Du Par's new organization controls patents for attachments to the camera that are said to make everything stereoscopic, and the results are said to be very satisfactory. Plans are already laid for a series of feature productions, on the first of which, "Head Over Heels," a western, Du Par is already at work. Direction is in the hands of G. A. Lambert and the cast includes "Ranger Bill Miller," Jack Cooper and Bess True.

* * *

Steve Smith, Jr., A. S. C., is still engrossed in the photographing of Vitagraph's "Captain Blood," a drama of buccaneer days starring J. Warren Kerrigan and Jean Paige. Steve has been filming some sea battles between Spanish and pirate ships which are pounded to pieces and sunk before the camera. A couple hundred old muzzle-loading cameras were used.

* * *

Joseph Brotherton, A. S. C., has finished the filming of the latest Fox production starring Buck Jones.

* * *

The name of the Regal production, "Painted Women," photographed by Stephen S. Norton, A. S. C., has been changed to "Another Man's Wife."

* * *

Fred Le Roy Granville, A. S. C., has begun work in London on a Granville production, "Contraband," a smuggling story containing many stunts, dangerous cliff work and drowning scenes. Peggy Hyland is starred.

* * *

Ira Morgan and Georges Barnes, both A. S. C. members, are slated to leave New York City shortly for Los Angeles where the next Marion Davies feature is to be filmed.

* * *

H. Lyman Broening, A. S. C., has finished filming the Warner Brothers production, "Lover's Lane."

* * *

Ross Fisher, A. S. C., is filming the Fred Thompson vehicles at the F. B. O. studios.

* * *

Paul P. Perry, A. S. C., is photographing Emory Johnson's latest production, "Play Ball."

* * *

Harry Perry, A. S. C., is filming "The Breath of Scandal," a B. P. Schulberg production. Gasnier is directing.

Kenneth Mac Lean, A. S. C., has left for Rome where it is understood he will join the staff of "Ben Hur" for special work similar to that done by him and Philip H. Whitman, A. S. C., in association with Arthur Edeson, A. S. C., on Douglas Fairbanks' "The Thief of Bagdad."

* * *

Gilbert Warrenton, A. S. C., has completed the filming of the latest Blache vehicle for Universal, and has begun work on Harry Pollard's latest feature for the same organization.

* * *

Robert Kurrle, A. S. C., is still busy with the photography on Edwin Carewe's production of "The Madonna of the Streets," a First National attraction.

* * *

James C. Van Trees, A. S. C., will begin work on his latest First National production shortly.

* * *

Walter Lundin, A. S. C., is filming "Hubby," Harold Lloyd's latest feature comedy.

* * *

Sol Polito, A. S. C., enlisted the aid of King Gray, A. S. C., for a big day's shooting on Hunt Stromberg's current production, directed by Tom Forman and starring Harry Carey.

* * *

Hans Koenekamp, A. S. C., is again in charge of cinematography for Larry Semon who has resumed the production of comedies.

* * *

Tony Gaudio, A. S. C., is in the final stages of the cinematography on the current Joseph M. Schenck production, starring Norma Talmadge and directed by Sidney Olcott. Much of Tony's shooting has been at nights on this production so that he has been unable to preside at the A. S. C. meetings.

* * *

Walter Anthony has been engaged by Hunt Stromberg to write the titles for "The Siren of Seville," Priscilla Dean's first Stromberg production.

Mr. Anthony, a well-known journalist and music critic, titled "The Secrets of Life," microscopic pictures, made by Louis Tolburst, A. S. C. Since then he titled all of Jackie Coogan's recent pictures, as well as "Oliver Twist," "The Sea Hawk," "The Meanest Man in the World," "Black Oxen" and "The Fire Patrol," and proved his versatility by writing the continuity for Jackie Coogan's "A Boy of Flanders."

Sol Polito, A. S. C., shot "The Siren of Seville."

Phone HOlly 44o4

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Paul P. Perry
John F. Seitz
Karl Brown

Abel, David—with Warner Brothers.
 Arnold, John—with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture Corp.
 Barnes, George S.—with Cosmopolitan.
 Beckway, Wm.—
 Benoit, Georges—
 Broening, H. Lyman—with Warner Brothers.
 Boyle, John W.—Chief cinematographer, "Ben Hur," Goldwyn;
 "Cines," Rome, Italy.
 Brodin, Norbert F.—Frank Lloyd Productions, First National, United
 Studios.
 Brotherton, Joseph—with Fox Studio.
 Brown, Karl—with James Cruze, Famous Players-Lasky.
 Clark, Dan—with Tom Mix, Fox Studio.
 Cowling, Herford T.—Travel Pictures, Asia.
 Cronjager, Henry—with Famous Players-Lasky, New York City.
 Dean, Faxon M.—
 Doran, Robert S.—with Hal Roach Studio.
 Dored, John—Riga, Latvia.
 Dubray, Joseph A.—
 DuPar, E. B.—Stereoscopic Prod. Co., Sacramento, Calif.
 DuPont, Max B.—Tahiti.
 Edeson, Arthur—with Douglas Fairbanks, Fairbanks-Pickford Studio.
 Evans, Perry—
 Fildew, Wm.—
 Fisher, Ross G.—with A. J. Brown Productions, Russell Studio.
 Gaudio, Gaetano—with Norma Talmadge, Joseph Schenck Productions.
 United Studio.
 Gilks, Alfred—
 Glennon, Bert—with Paul Bern, Famous Players-Lasky.
 Good, Frank B.—with Jackie Coogan.
 Granville, Fred L.—directing, British International Corporation,
 London.
 Gray, King D.—
 Griffin, Walter L.—
 Guissart, Rene—
 Haller, Ernest—Del Andrews Prod.
 Heimerl, Alois G.—with Al Davis Prods.
 Jackman, Floyd—with Hal Roach Studio.
 Jackman, Fred W.—directing, Hal Roach Studio.
 Koenekamp, Hans F.—with Larry Semon.
 Kull, Edward—with Universal Studio.

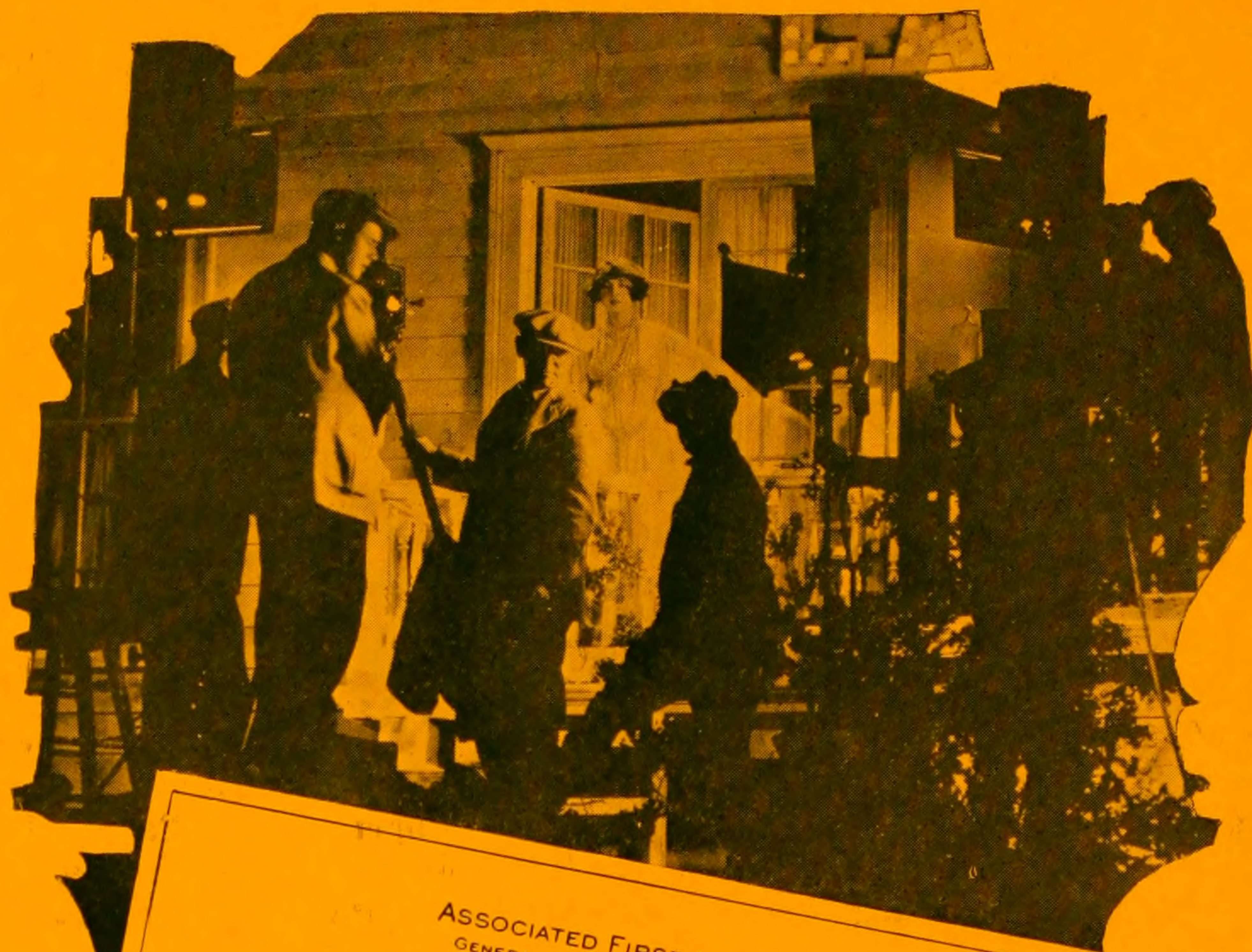
Kurle, Robert—with Edwin Carewe, United Studios.
Landers, Sam—with First National, United Studio.
Lockwood, J. R.—
Lundin, Walter—with Harold Lloyd Productions, Hollywood Studios.
Lyons, Reginald E.—
MacLean, Kenneth G.—
Marshall, Wm.—with Carlos Prods.
Meehan, George—with Jack White Corporation, Fine Arts Studio.
Milner, Victor—
Morgan, Ira H.—with Marion Davies, Cosmopolitan.
Norton, Stephen S.—with Universal Pictures Corp.
Overbaugh, Roy F.—New York City.
Palmer, Ernest S.—
LePicard, Marcel—New York City.
Perry, Harry—with Schulberg Productions.
Perry, Paul P.—with Emory Johnson Prod., R. C. Studios.
Polito, Sol—with Hunt Stromberg Productions.
Ries, Park J.—
Rizard, George—
Roos, Len H. —Leigh-Spencer Bldg., Vancouver, B. C.
Rose, Jackson J.—Arthur Rosson, Universal.
Rosher, Charles—with Mary Pickford, Pickford-Fairbanks Studio.
Schneiderman, George—with Fox Studio.
Scott, Homer A.—First National, United Studios.
Seitz, John F.—with Rex Ingram.
Sharp, Henry—with Thomas H. Ince.
Short, Don—
Smith, Steve, Jr.—with Vitagraph Studio.
Steene, E. Burton—New York City.
Stumar, John—with Universal Studio.
Stumar, Charles—with Universal Studio.
Tolhurst, Louis H.—"Secrets of Life," Microscopic Pictures, Principal Pictures Corporation.
Totheroh, Rollie H.—with Charlie Chaplin, Chaplin Studio.
Turner, J. Robert—with Fox.
Van Buren, Ned—New York City.
Van Enger, Charles—with Ernst Lubitsch.
Van Trees, James C.—with First National, United Studios.
Warrenton, Gilbert—with Harry Pollard, Universal City.
Whitman, Philip H.—with Famous Players-Lasky, New York City.
Wilky, L. Guy—with William de Mille, Famous Players-Lasky.

Edison, Thomas A.—Honorary Member.
Webb, Arthur C.—Attorney.

Meetings of the American Society of Cinematographers are held every Monday evening. On the first and the third Monday of each month the open meeting is held; and on the second and the fourth, the meeting of the Board of Governors.

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April 25, 1924

Mr. H. F. Boeger, President,
Mitchell Camera Corporation,
6025 Santa Monica Boulevard,
Los Angeles, California.

My dear Mr. Boeger:

I am very glad indeed to comment upon the excellent results we have had with the Mitchell camera.

In the capable hands of Mr. James Van Trees, a Mitchell was used to photograph Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle in "Lilies of the Field" and the photographic beauty of that First National Production has aroused the admiration of critics.

Again in "The Perfect Flapper," in which Miss Colleen Moore is featured, the Mitchell was used and Mr. John Francis Dillon, the director, has commented not only upon the excellency of the photography but the ease with which it is operated.

Mr. Earl Hudson, who is in charge of First National's own producing units, is now in the East but I know that he shares my preference for the Mitchell camera.

Cordially,

John W. Formick
Western Representative

JEMcC - B